SILVER STREAK COMICS

FEB. 10c NO. 18

YOU'VE SEEN HIM IN THE MOVIES—YOU'VE READ HIS HAIR-RAISING STORIES

THE SAINT

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR SILVER STREAK COMICS BY LESLIE CHARTERIS

NOW! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ANY COMIC MAGAZINE!

THE SAINT WAS NEXT ON THE SCAFFOLD OF DOOM BUT HE WOULDN'T SAY DIE

BERNIE KLEIN

STARTLING COMICS
JETTA
MYSTERY COMICS
FANTASTIC TALES
COSMO CAT
STRANGE MYSTERIES
DARING ADVENTURES
EXCITING COMICS
STRANGE WORLDS
Famous Funnies
JETTA
STARTLING COMICS
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BARNYARD COMICS
ALLY-OOP!
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EERIE
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DARING ADVENTURES
WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM

Most Amazing Sight

you ever saw!

WORLDS DESTROYED

BEFORE YOUR EYES—

as you look through the RADIUMSCOPE!

IF YOU want to see a most awe-inspiring sight, view the actual destruction of thousands of worlds by simply looking through the lens of the new RADIUMSCOPE. See RADIUM DISINTEGRATED AND DESTROYED RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES. Witness a real atomic bombardment — a never-to-be-forgotten sight! You plainly see radium rays and the discharge and bombardment of the Alpha particles. There is no more remarkable and awe-inspiring spectacle in the whole world than what you can see in this marvelous RADIUMSCOPE.

The RADIUMSCOPE is without a doubt one of the most amazing scientific wonders ever invented. For ages scientists thought that atoms were indestructible. Yet the RADIUMSCOPE shows plainly that radium actually destroys atoms, (atoms are miniature worlds). Look into the RADIUMSCOPE and behold the most astonishing sight. You see a brilliant "night sky", alive with thousands of "stars" and myriads of bright flashes similar to showers of shooting stars. *Every flash is the result of the destruction of one atom of radium.* As each radium atom is destroyed, it creates a Helium gas atom which it shoots out like a bullet at the terrific speed of 10,000 miles a second. These fast-traveling Helium atoms (also called *Alpha rays*) make a vivid flash of light when they strike a zinc sulphite crystal, inside the RADIUMSCOPE. A strong magnifying lens makes these flashes visible and you actually see the never-ending motion of the tiniest particles of matter known to science. The bombardment keeps on going not only for a few days, *but for over 1,800 years, never stopping.* Thus, the Radium in the RADIUMSCOPE, if preserved, will outlive you and many succeeding generations.

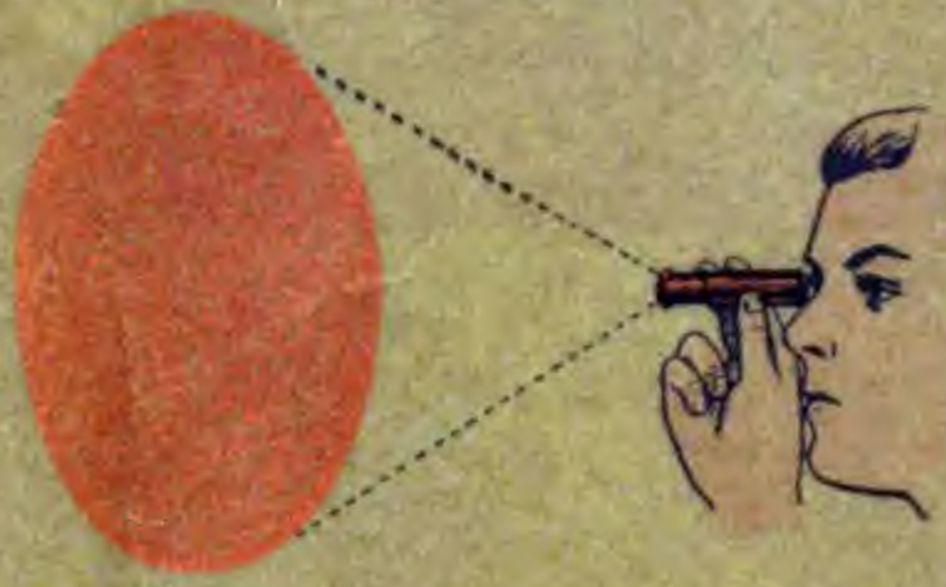
This is how the RADIUMSCOPE looks. Metal, nickel-plated telescope case. Handy and easy to focus to any eyesight. Carry it in your pocket.

Our RADIUMSCOPE actually contains a small quantity of real radium.

There is nothing to replace, nothing extra to buy. The instrument will last indefinitely. It can be adjusted to anyone's eyesight by means of a clever telescopic adjustment.

The RADIUMSCOPE is also a wonderful night-guide. IT GLOWS WITH A WEIRD LIGHT IN A DARK ROOM.

Place it on the night table or anywhere else in your room; then when you get up at night you won't bump into furniture in the room.



This only gives a faint idea what you see. A picture can't show motion nor the real bombardment that you see inside the RADIUMSCOPE. It's a marvelous sight!

MAIL COUPON NOW—TODAY

GUIDE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
114 EAST 32nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please rush to me quickly your new RADIUMSCOPE, as described above.

I enclose 50c in coin, money order, or new U. S. stamps.

NAME .....
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The SAINT

by

LESLIE CHARTERIS

SENSATIONAL!!!
SPECTACULAR!!!
DYNAMIC!!!

at last!... AT GREAT EXPENSE

THE PUBLISHERS OF SILVER STREAK BRING YOU THE MOST SENSATIONAL FIND IN THE HISTORY OF COMICS!

YOU'VE **SEEN** HIM ON THE SCREEN--YOU'VE **READ** HIS BREATH-TAKING BOOKS--*AND NOW* - ***THE SAINT*** HAS COME TO THRILL YOU AS THE **NEW** FEATURE STRIP OF

SILVER STREAK COMICS

FOLLOW THE SAINT

SIMON TEMPLAR, BETTER KNOWN AS *THE SAINT*--THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'S GAYEST BUCCANEER, THE MODERN ROBIN HOOD-*HERO* OF A THOUSAND ADVENTURES IS NOW FIGHTING HIS OWN WAR AGAINST THE NAZIS.

HOPPY UNIATZ, HIS DEVOTED RECRUIT FROM THE NEW YORK UNDERWORLD.

PATRICIA HOLM, THE SAINT'S LOVELY, RECKLESS, RESOURCEFUL ASSISTANT.

PROFESSOR STEINER, FAMOUS GERMAN SCIENTIST, WHOM THE SAINT HAS RESCUED FROM A CONCENTRATION CAMP WHERE HE HAD BEEN IMPRISONED FOR HIS FEARLESS DENUNCIATION OF THE NAZI REGIME..

AT A HIDDEN GERMAN AIRFIELD....

GOTT IN HIMMEL! HOW DID THEY FIND US?

JA! WE WERE PERFECTLY CAMOUFLAGED! THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A SPY!

THERE THEY GO!

LOOK! WHAT'S THAT ON THE PARACHUTE?

MEANWHILE..

THANKS AGAIN, SAINT! WE'D NEVER HAVE FOUND THAT FIELD WITHOUT YOUR HELP! LOOK AFTER YOURSELF TILL THE NEXT TIME!

THE SAINT! DONNER UN BLITZEN!

SO LONG, EAGLE SQUADRON! GOOD HUNTING ON YOUR WAY HOME....

....AND GIVE MY LOVE TO LONDON!

THE SAINT SKILLFULLY BRINGS HIS FIGHTER IN TO A LANDING AT HIS FIELD ON THE COUNTRYSIDE NEAR BERLIN.....

GEE, HERE HE COMES, PAT! HERE COMES DE BOSS!

YES, HE'S DONE IT AGAIN!

YOU MUST BE VERY PROUD OF HIM, PATRICIA!

YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU HAD A GOOD TIME, SAINT!

DIJJA MAKE IT BOSS?

SURE, TOO BAD THIS IS ONLY A SINGLE-PLACE SHIP! I'D LIKE YOU ALL TO HAVE SEEN THE FIREWORKS! BUT LET'S PUT THE BABY TO BED BEFORE I TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!

ALL RIGHT HOPPY, ONE-TWO-THREE... PU-U-SH!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER IN SIMON'S HEADQUARTERS IN THE PROFESSOR'S LABORATORY.....

ACH, YOUR STORY IS GOOD! I AM A GERMAN AND YET I AM GLAD THAT MY PLANE HELPED TO DESTROY THOSE NAZI BEASTS WHO TORTURED AND KILLED MY WIFE AND SON!

DON'T WORRY, PROFESSOR! I'M NOT THROUGH WITH THEM, YET! TURN ON THE RADIO, HOPPY, AND LET'S HEAR WHAT THE OFFICIAL LIARS HAVE TO SAY TONIGHT!

OKAY, BOSS!

THIS IS STATION DNB! THERE WAS A RAID TONIGHT ON HANNOVER.

I'LL SAY THERE WAS! PROFESSOR, TUNE IN YOUR TRANSMITTER! HERR GOEBBELS MAY NOT TELL THE EXACT TRUTH AND I'D LIKE TO CORRECT HIM!

THE PROFESSOR TUNES IN HIS TRANSMITTER TO THE OFFICIAL WAVE LENGTH, ENABLING THE SAINT TO INTERRUPT HERR GOEBBEL'S BROADCAST.....

I HAVE THE WAVE LENGTH! NOW YOU CAN CUT IN ON THEM!

GO ON BOSS! GIVE 'EM DE WOIKS!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!... GOEBBEL'S, HERE I COME!

AND SO, IN MILLIONS OF GERMAN HOMES THE SAINT'S VOICE INTERRUPTS THE OFFICIAL FAIRY TALES....

TONIGHTS BRITISH RAID WAS A FAILURE! THEIR BOMBS DROPPED HARMLESSLY IN THE FIELDS OUTSIDE HANNOVER, AND 27 PLANES WERE SHOT DOWN!

YES, THEY WERE DROPPED IN A FIELD--FULL OF GERMAN AIRPLANES! AND THERE WAS ONLY ONE BRITISH PLANE SHOT DOWN! THIS IS THE SAINT SPEAKING!

THE SAINT! GOTT IN HIMMEL! HANS, LOCATE HIM AT ONCE!

JAWOHL, HERR, GOEBBELS!

ON THEIR WAVE DETECTOR, THE NAZIS LOCATE THE POSITION OF THE SAINT'S HIDEOUT...

THE RADIO BEAMS INTERCEPT HERE! THAT IS NEAR THE VILLAGE OF MUNSTER!

GET YOUR GESTAPO MEN AND GO THERE AT ONCE! AND BRING ME THE SAINT--ALIVE OR DEAD, HE MUST BE STOPPED!

I THINK THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TONIGHT'S BEDTIME STORY! JAM THE STATION, PROFESSOR, AND LET'S SEE WHAT THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE HAS FOR US!

SIMON, DARLING, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE EARNED A NIGHT'S SLEEP?

YEAH, BOSS! YOU DONE ENOUGH!

IT WON'T HURT ME TO GO WITHOUT SLEEP! THEY'RE NOT SLEEPING MUCH IN LONDON, ARE THEY?

HERE IS THE BRITISH STATION, SAINT!

THANKS AGAIN, SAINT! I JUST HAD THE REPORT FROM THE EAGLE SQUADRON! NICE WORK!

IT WAS A GOOD PARTY! NOW, WHAT'S NEXT?

AT THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF BRITISH INTELLIGENCE IN LONDON...

LISTEN, SAINT, WE HAVE INFORMATION THAT THE GERMANS HAVE READIED A STORE OF BACTERIAL BOMBS FOR IMMEDIATE USE ON LONDON! THEY MUST BE LOCATED AND DESTROYED AT ONCE!

I'LL DO MY BEST!

THIS IS WHERE YOUR GOOD WORK WITH HERR GOERING'S CHAUFFEUR SHOULD COME IN HANDY! CALL HIM UP AND SEE IF HE ALREADY HAS A DATE TONIGHT!

THIS IS HIS NIGHT OFF! I THINK I KNOW JUST WHERE TO FIND HIM! I HAVEN'T BEEN HANGING AROUND THE BLOCKENSPIEL TAVERN FOR NOTHING!

HE'S BEEN MAKING EYES AT ME FOR THREE WEEKS! HE OUGHT TO BE EASY!

OKAY, YOU TAKE HOPPY ALONG TO CARRY HIM! THE PROFESSOR AND I WILL GET READY TO GIVE HIM A TREATMENT!

IT'S IN DE BAG, BOSS!

I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT LONG, HOPPY!

DIS IS JUST HOW WE PUT DE SNATCH ON ONE-EYED LOUIE IN '29!

NOW, DOT ADT LAST I HAFF MEDT YOU, FRAULEIN, I AM HEARTBROKEN FOR DER DAYS VE HAFF VASTED!

IT'S AWFULLY NOISY IN HERE! LET'S GO TO MY APARTMENT!

VEN YOU SPOKE WITH ME TONIGHT, YOU COULD HAFF KNOCKED ME DOWN VITH A FEATHER!

WELL, MAYBE WE CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT!

DIS ONE'S ON DE HOUSE!

HOPPY STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS..

THE DAZED CHAUFFEUR LUNGES WILDLY AND CATCHES HOPPY OFF-GUARD.....

HEIL HITLER!

KEEP 'EM FLYING!

?

BACK IN THE LABORATORY.....

THIS IS THE FIRST CHANCE I'VE HAD TO EXPERIMENT WITH MY TRUTH EXTRACTOR!

I HOPE IT WORKS, BECAUSE YOUR FIRST PATIENT IS JUST ARRIVING!

HIYA BOSS! GEE, DID I LAY HIM TA REST! A RIGHT--A LEFT--HE NEVER TOUCHED ME! BOY, O' BOY!

I SUPPOSE A GRASSHOPPER HUNG THAT MOUSE ON YOUR EYE!

THE OSCILLATING CURRENT PASSING THROUGH THE BRAIN WILL PARALYZE HIS WILL-POWER! HE WILL BE FORCED TO ANSWER ANY QUESTION YOU ASK!

VHERE AM I?

HAVE YOU EVER TAKEN HERR GOERING TO THE FACTORY WHERE THEY ARE ASSEMBLING THE BACTERIAL BOMBS?

JA!

IT WORKS!

IT'S ON DER ROAD TO SPITZELEBERG--ELEVEN MILES EAST OF HAMBURG! IT VAS ONCE THE SPITZELBERG ORPHANAGE AND ISS NOW DISGUISED AS A HOSPITAL!

DO YOU KNOW WHEN THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE THE RAID?

JA! AT DAWN TOMORROW! DEY VILL BE LOADING DER BOMBS TONIGHT!

WE MUST RADIO LONDON AT ONCE!

NO, THEY WOULDN'T HAVE TIME TO ORGANIZE A RAID NOW! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS OURSELVES!

THE SAINT LISTENS IN ON THE LUFTWAFFE WAVE LENGTH.....

THE DEATH'S HEAD SQUADRON WILL RENDEZVOUS OVER DUSSELDORF TONIGHT AT 9:30 WITH THE MESSERSCHMITS FROM PONSEN! COMMANDANT STIMMEL WILL LEAD THE SQUADRON ON LONDON!

MAYBE I CAN CHANGE THEIR MINDS! GET THE SHIP OUT, HOPPY!

SIMON, DARLING, YOU'VE JUST GOT TO GET A TWO-PLACE PLANE!

THE SAINT PREPARES TO ATTEND THE PARTY OVER DUSSELDORF...

LOOK AFTER YOURSELF, SIMON! I WOULDN'T QUITE KNOW WHAT TO DO WITHOUT YOU!

DON'T WORRY, PAT! I ALWAYS CARRY MY HOT WATER BOTTLE WRAPPED IN MY PARACHUTE!

SEE! THERE IS A SECRET HANGAR!

JA! AND THERE IS THE PLANE TAKING OFF!

VE VILL VAIT FOR THE SAINT TO COME BACK! MEANWHILE VE VILL CAPTURE THE PEOPLE OVER DERE! DEY MUST BE PART OF HIS GANG!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE GESTAPO GETS A TASTE OF HOPPY'S UPBRINGING....

COME ON, SLUGS! DON'T GET NOIVOUS!

GET HIM! DON'T JUST STAND DERE! GET HEEM!

OUTNUMBERED, THE VALIANT HOPPY IS FINALLY OVERPOWERED

SO, NOW YOU VILL TELL US VHERE DIS SAINT HASS GONE!

DON'T TELL HIM A THING, HOPPY!

I'LL ONLY TALK TO 'EM WITH A BEETSY!

JA! YOU SAY YOU'RE HERR GOERING'S CHAUFFEUR! HOW IS DOT YOU'RE HERE?

MEANWHILE THE SAINT ATTENDS THE PARTY OVER DUSSELDORF. . .

HMM. QUITE A TURN-OUT! I'D BETTER MAKE DOUBLE SURE I'M WEARING THE RIGHT COSTUME! I DON'T WANT TO BE UN-POPULAR!

YOUR ORDERS HAVE BEEN ALTERED, COMMANDANT! THE BRITISH FORCES HAVE JUST MADE A LANDING OUT-SIDE HAMBURG! THEY HAVE CAP-TURED A HOSPITAL THERE! HERR GOERING HAS SENT ME TO LEAD YOU! WE ARE TO BOMB THEM OUT!

THE SAINT REVERSES HIS INSIGNIA.....

COMMANDANT STIMMEL! COM-MANDANT STIMMEL!

JA! I'M COM-MANDANT STIM-MEL! WHAT IS IT?

THE SAINT LEADS THE UNWITTING NAZIS BACK INTO THEIR OWN TERRITORY.....

AT 20,000 FEET THE SAINT LEADS THE SQUADRON OVER AN OBJECT AND ORDERS BOMBS TO BE DROPPED.....

THAT WAS A NICE PARTY! I'D BETTER LEAVE MY CALLING CARD!

THE NAZI LEADER REALIZES THE HOAX AND ORDERS HIS MEN TO ATTACK.....

THE SAINT! THAT'S WHO'S TRICKED US INTO BOMBING OUR OWN PEOPLE! VERFLUCHTE! WE MUST GET HIM!

REVERSING HIS MARKINGS, THE SAINT GOES INTO ACTION.....

I HATE TO BREAK UP A PARTY BUT MY GAS IS GETTING LOW!

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY MEN! SHOOT HIM DOWN!

BUT THE SAINT'S SPEEDY PLANE SWIFTLY DRAWS AWAY FROM THE ENRAGED NAZIS....

SORRY TO LEAVE YOU BOYS, BUT I DON'T WANT TO OVERSTAY MY WELCOME!

MEANWHILE AT THE SAINT'S HEADQUARTERS....

SCHWEINHUNDT! VE VILL MAKE YOU TALK! HEAT UP THE TONGS, FRITZ!

NOW, VE VILL SEE HOW BRAVE THE AMERICAN SVINES ARE!

YEAH? YOU AND WHO ELSE?

SUDDENLY THE SOUND OF THE SAINT'S APPROACHING PLANE IS HEARD....

THE SAINT! GOOT! NOW VE VILL GET HEEM TOO!

JA! LET US VAIT FOR HEEM IN THE SECRET HANGAR!

GEE, IT'S DE BOSS! I GOT TO GET DAT VEREY PISTOL AND WARN HIM!

HOPPY GOES INTO ACTION...

PAT! DE VEREY PISTOL! FIRE IT OUT OF DE WINDOW!

OKAY, HOPPY! KEEP 'EM BUSY!

TAKES MORE THAN A ROPE TO HOLD HOPPY UNIATZ!

BANG

HM... DIRTY WORK! THANKS FOR THE WARNING, GANG! I THINK I'LL USE THE TRADESMEN'S ENTRANCE!

BY SKILLFUL PILOTING, THE SAINT BRINGS HIS SPEEDY SHIP TO A LANDING IN A NEARBY FIELD....

VISITORS? I DIDN'T EXPECT THEY'D REPAY MY CALL AS QUICKLY AS THIS!

HANS, TAKE YOUR MEN AND SEARCH OUTSIDE! THE SAINT MUST HAFF LANDED NEARBY! I VILL FIX DESE PEOPLE!

YA WOHL, HERR HAUPTMANN!

WERE YOU LOOKING FOR ME, BOYS?

COME ON, BOSS, LEMME GIVE DESE GUYS DE HEAT!

WE CAN'T LOSE 'EM NOW! THEY KNOW TOO MUCH!

TAKE THEM IN THE OTHER ROOM AND GET THEIR UNIFORMS, HOPPY! I HAVE AN IDEA!

DARLING, WHEN ARE WE GOING TO SPEND A QUIET EVENING AT HOME?

AS SOON AS YOU STOP ASKING YOUR FUNNY FRIENDS TO DROP IN!

THIS IS LONDON CALLING THE SAINT!

DON'T THINK I'M RUSHING YOU, OLD BOY, BUT THEY MAY TRY THIS BACTERIAL RAID AT ANY MOMENT!

DON'T WORRY! THERE WON'T BE ANY BACTERIAL RAID! SOME GERMAN SQUADRON LOST ITS WAY TONIGHT AND BLEW THE FACTORY TO BITS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE SAINT AND HOPPY ARE DRESSED IN THE GERMAN UNIFORMS....

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH THOSE GESTAPO MEN?

YOU CAN'T MURDER THEM IN COLD BLOOD, OR COULD YOU?

I COULD, BUT MAYBE THEY'LL SAVE ME THE TROUBLE! HOPPY, DIG OUT THE CONCENTRATION CAMP UNIFORMS FROM OUR WARDROBE AND DRESS 'EM UP! PUT SOME GAS IN THEIR CAR!

JUMP IN, BOYS, AND TAKE A LITTLE DRIVE!

NOW WE'LL HIT FOR THE SWISS BORDER AND DUMP THESE GUYS! THEY'LL BE INTERNED AND WE'LL BE RID OF 'EM!

BUT THE NAZIS HAVE SUCCEEDED IN LOOSENING THEIR BONDS....

VEN DER CAR STOPS AT DER BORDER, VE JUMP OUDT!

HALT! FIRE! QUICK DER CONCENTRATION PRISONERS ARE ESCAPING!

AND AS THE GESTAPO AGENTS IN THEIR CONCENTRATION CAMP UNIFORMS BURST FROM THE CAR, THE BORDER GUARDS FIRE ON THEM...

COME, MEN, VE VILL SEE IF DERE IS MORE IN DER CAR!

GESTAPO UND A GIRL!. CAPTURED BY THE PRISONERS!

THANKS FOR RELEASING US, CORPORAL! THEY ESCAPED FROM THE ZUNGEIST CAMP AND CAPTURED US BUT YOUR MEN FINISHED THEM SO WE'LL GO BACK NOW AND RELAX!

JA! VE SHOOT GOOT!

GEE, WE WERE LUCKY TO GET OUT OF THAT MESS! AS SOON AS WE GET HOME, I'M GONNA TAKE A GOOD HOT BATH! HEY, WHAT'SA MATTER WITH THE ENGINE?

WELL, HOPPY NEXT TIME I SAY PUT GAS IN THE CAR, REMEMBER I'M NOT JOKING!

AW, GEE BOSS, IT JUST KINDA' SLIPPED MY MIND!

THE SAINT RETURNS NEXT MONTH TO FAN THE FLAMES OF REBELLION AGAINST THE NAZI WARLORDS.. WATCH FOR HIM IN **SILVER STREAK COMICS!**

captain Battle

AND THE DEVIL WORSHIPPERS

By JACK and O. BINDER

EVEN THE BLOOD OF FEARLESS **CAPTAIN BATTLE** AND **HALE** RAN COLD, AS THEY SAW THE GHASTLY RITES PERFORMED ON A LONELY HILLTOP BY THE WEIRD **DEVIL WORSHIPPERS** AND THEIR UNCANNY LEADER, **SIR SATAN**, WHO HURLED THE VERY POWERS OF **BLACK MAGIC** AGAINST AMERICA!

GENERAL WRIGHT, CHIEF OF STAFF OF THE ARMY, SPEEDS THROUGH THE DARK, EERIE NIGHT....

MY SISTER IS GRAVELY ILL, THE TELEGRAM SAID. HOPE I ARRIVE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

WHAT A WEIRD REGION! BR-R-R-R! YOU'D ALMOST EXPECT WITCHES OR GHOSTS TO BE OUT WALKING!

SUDDENLY, HE JAMS ON THE BRAKES FRANTICALLY!

WHAT ARE THOSE MYSTERIOUS SHAPES?

SCRECH!

Silently, THE GHASTLY CREW PULL THE GENERAL FROM HIS CAR.....

HERE, LET ME GO! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

...AND CARRY HIM UP A HILLSIDE TO A LONELY SPOT.

WHAT'S THAT AHEAD? WHY DON'T YOU TALK? OH, THIS IS DRIVING ME MAD! IF THEY'D ONLY SAY SOMETHING!

As THEY APPROACH THE WEIRD FIGURE BESIDE THE FLAMING TORCH...

GREAT HEAVENS! IT'S THE **DEVIL HIMSELF!** THEY'RE **DEVIL WORSHIPPERS!**

HERE'S GENERAL WRIGHT, SIR SATAN!

AH YES! THE FAKE TELEGRAM WORKED.

SHUT UP, FOOL! THERE'S NO HELP WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES!

But WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES IS ONE WHO **CAN** HELP, BY NAME OF **CAPTAIN BATTLE**, AS HE SCANS HIS FAR-SEEING CURVOSCOPE....

ANOTHER SACRIFICE FOR THE FIRE! THROW HIM IN!

HELP! SOMEONE SAVE ME!

WHAT'S UP?

LOOK! IT'S THOSE DEVIL WORSHIPPERS THAT WERE REPORTED!

AND THEY'VE GOT GENERAL WRIGHT!

D-DEVIL WORSHIPPERS! DO YOU SUPPOSE IT'S REALLY S-SATAN....?

THAT'S WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW. HALE, YOU CHECK ON THAT INTERNATIONAL AGENT, SIR NATAS.....

...WHILE I CHASE THIS CLUE DOWN.

AW, SHUCKS, I'LL MISS THE FUN!

And THE WATCHDOGS OF AMERICA AGAIN ZOOM INTO THE NIGHT ON THE TRAIL OF A MYSTERY MORE BAFFLING THAN ANY BEFORE!

HOPE CAPTAIN BATTLE SOLVES THE MYSTERY. IT'S FRIGHTENING!

EXTRA! SUN

FIFTH ARMY OFFICIAL VANISHES! AUTHORITIES BAFFLED.

DEVIL WORSHIPPERS AGAIN REPORTED. POLICE SKEPTICAL

Meanwhile, BEFORE THE BLAZING SIGN OF EVIL...

NO---NO! HELP!

HO, HO! WATCH HIM BURN!

SORRY TO SPOIL THE FUN, GENTS!

IT'S THAT DEVIL--- CAPTAIN BATTLE! THROW ***HIM*** IN THE FIRE!

With A POWERFUL BLAST OF HIS LUCEFLYERS, CAPTAIN BATTLE LIFTS THE CLINGING HOODED FIGURES!

HOLD ON TIGHT!

WE GOT HIM!

YOU MEAN I'VE GOT ***YOU***! SUPPOSE WE JUST RISE A LITTLE AND...

HE'S RISING!... ... WE'RE WAY UP HIGH!... --- WE'LL FALL, HELP!

HERE'S ABOUT THE RIGHT SPOT. SO LONG, FELLOWS!

THORNS! OWW!

YIPE!

NOW TO GIVE THAT SATAN PHONEY THE WORKS!

But SIR SATAN HAS ALREADY ACTED!

YOU'RE SUNK ANYWAY, GENERAL!

OOOOH!

I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT, YOU RED CUR!

WILL YOU?

CAPTAIN BATTLE DRAWS BACK FROM THE SCORCHING FLAMES.

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! NO MAN CAN SURVIVE IN THAT FLAME!

NO MAN CAN. BUT WHAT ABOUT **SATAN?** HO, HO, HO!

And THE UNCANNY FIGURE VANISHES IN A PUFF OF SMOKE!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE'S GONE!

PUFF!

AND THE HOODED GANG SLIPPED AWAY TOO! I CERTAINLY GOT NOWHERE FAST THIS TIME! WELL, BACK TO HILLTOP..

Meanwhile, HALE HAS ARRIVED AT THE HOME OF SIR NATAS, AN INTERNATIONAL AGENT UNDER SUSPICION FOR SOME TIME.

NO LIGHTS! I'LL CRAWL IN.

NOBODY HOME! THAT MEANS SIR NATAS MUST BE BEHIND THE DEVIL WORSHIPPERS ALL RIGHT!

Another FIGURE ARRIVES!

HALE BATTLE'S HERE! I'VE GOTTA THINK FAST!

HUH? SIR NATAS!

OH, HELLO! DIDN'T HERE YOU COME IN. JUST GRABBING A BITE BEFORE RETIRING.

PRETTY THIN STORY! I'LL REPORT HIM!

GOTTA GET RID OF THIS BRAT BEFORE HE REPORTS TO CAPTAIN BATTLE. BUT CAPTAIN BATTLE WILL SEARCH FOR HIM!

BAMBERGER, OTIS.....
BARNEY, GEORGE.....
BATTLE, CAPTAIN..... HILLTOP 1313
BAXTER, HENRY.....
BAYER, WILLIAM.....
BAYNO, JOESIM.....

I'VE GOT IT! I'LL GET BATTLE OUT OF THE WAY FOR THE TIME BEING

Captain BATTLE RETURNS TO HILLTOP LABORATORY.

HALE HASN'T COME BACK YET!

IS HE IN TROUBLE?---- OH, THERE'S THE PHONE!

RINGGGGG!

THIS IS A FRIEND! HALE'S IN DANGER! COME TO SOUTH SHORE AND BEACH ROAD IMMEDIATELY!!

I'LL BE THERE IN A FLASH!

HO, HO, HO! AND WHILE CAPTAIN BATTLE IS ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE, THIS BRAT GETS HIS!

THE END

Hale REVIVES, ONLY IN TIME TO FACE A HORRIBLE FATE!

INTO THE FIRE WITH YOU!

WHA--- WHAT IS THIS?

But THEN.....

PARDON ME! MAY I PLAY TOO?

WHA--- ? CAPTAIN BATTLE! BUT I THOUGHT I SENT YOU FAR AWAY!

I RECOGNIZED YOUR VOICE OVER THE PHONE, CHUMP! AND NOW I'LL SEND **YOU** FAR AWAY!

ONE BLOW DOESN'T FINISH SATAN, CAPTAIN BATTLE!

BUT SIR SATAN'S RETURN BLOW IS AIMED, NOT AT BATTLE, BUT AT DAZED, BEWILDERED HALE!

BUT THIS FINISHES HALE!

NO! NO!

WHY, I'LL--- --- I'LL---

YOU CAN'T WIN AGAINST MY MAGIC, CAPTAIN BATTLE! THAT'S ONE THING YOU CAN'T FIGHT. GO HOME AND GIVE UP!

HALE! HALE! IT'S NO USE. HE'S BURNED TO A CRISP BY NOW!

GIVE UP? NEVER! I'LL TRACK DOWN THAT SATAN AND REVENGE HALE'S DEATH --- IF IT TAKES TILL DOOM'S DAY!

BUT HALE IS NOT DEAD! HE FINDS HIMSELF UNDERGOING A STRANGE EXPERIENCE....

I DIDN'T GET BURNED! A TRAP DOOR OPENED UNDER ME!

THIS CHUTE SLANTS DOWN FOR A LONG WAYS! WONDER WHERE IT COMES OUT?

A HOODED FIGURE WAITS TO RECEIVE THE NEW CAPTIVE!

ALL RIGHT, YOU! COME WITH ME.

SAYS YOU! I'M TIRED OF BEING PUSHED AROUND!

OH, OH! SOMEONE'S COMING! I'LL DRAG THIS GUY IN THE CORNER

SO THAT'S HOW SATAN MADE HIS "MAGIC" ESCAPE THROUGH THE FIRE!

WHERE'S HALE? BUT ONE OF MY MEN MUST HAVE TAKEN HIM AWAY!

WHAT IS THIS PLACE? WHAT'S SATAN'S GAME? HERE GOES, I'M GONNA FIND OUT!

HEY, THIS IS THE OLD, DESERTED CASTLE THAT NOBODY'S LIVED IN FOR YEARS!

PROPAGANDA FILMS! THIS BEGINS TO MAKE SENSE!

AND HERE'S THE PROJECTION ROOM! AND THOSE MEN WATCHING ARE THE **MISSING ARMY OFFICIALS!**

THAT'S THE BLITZKRIEG IN ACTION!

THAT ARMY IS INVINCIBLE!

NOTHING CAN STOP THEM!

REALIZING THE SINISTER SCHEME TO FRIGHTEN THE ARMY OFFICIALS, HALE RUSHES OUT!

DON'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S PROPAGANDA! STOP THAT PROJECTOR!

GRAB THAT SQUEALING BRAT!

NOT SO EASY, IS IT, LUGS?

BUT IN SPITE OF A VALIANT STRUGGLE, HALE IS OVER-POWERED BY NUMBERS.

PRETTY CLEVER, AREN'T YOU, SIR NATAS -- OR SATAN! THE DEVIL-WORSHIPPING STUNT IS JUST TO SCARE PEOPLE OFF, AND MYSTIFY PURSUIT!

YOU KNOW TOO MUCH -- FOR YOUR HEALTH!

GO AHEAD, SHOOT! I'M NOT AFRAID TO DIE THERE'S STILL CAPTAIN BATTLE LEFT TO GET YOU!

CAPTAIN BATTLE? HE THINKS YOU'RE DEAD! AND HE'S GIVEN UP AGAINST MY "MAGIC," HO, HO, HO!

But HIGH IN THE SKY, OUTSIDE... A VENGEFUL FIGURE SEARCHES RELENTLESSLY....

THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE OLD CASTLE THIS MUST BE THEIR HIDE-OUT!

IT'S HALE'S SILHOUETTE - HE'S ALIVE! BUT IF I DON'T ACT FAST, HE'LL BE DEAD IN ANOTHER SECOND!

AND LIKE A ONE-MAN PANZER DIVISION, THE MIGHTY CAPTAIN BATTLE MAKES HIS ENTRANCE!

HI YA, CAP!

EXCUSE ME FOR BUSTING IN THIS WAY!

YOU DEVIL! CAN'T YOU EVER STAY AWAY FROM ME?

AFRAID NOT, SATAN. I LIKE YOUR CHIN TOO MUCH!

OOPS, MY FOOT SLIPPED! C'MON, MEN. LET'S CLEAN UP!

RIGHT!

YEOW! HOW DO YOU LIKE **OUR** BLITZKRIEG, RATS?

HERE'S YOUR PROPAGANDA BACK--- THE HARD WAY!

AFTER THIS BLITZKRIEG, THE OTHER ONE DOESN'T SCARE ME ANY MORE!

LOOK AT CAP GO TO TOWN WITH SATAN!

AS I WAS SAYING, SATAN, I LIKE YOUR CHIN!

SPLAT!

WHEN THE ECHOES HAVE DIED AWAY.....

RADIUM PAINT! THAT'S WHY HE GLOWED. THE DEVIL-WORSHIPPING STUNT WAS TO SCARE PEOPLE OFF, AND MYSTIFY PURSUIT.

HIS REAL GAME ALL THE WHILE WAS TO SPREAD POISONOUS PROPAGANDA THROUGH GOVERNMENT CIRCLES. HE WAS PAID BY THE NAZIS!

AND PAID OFF BY CAPTAIN BATTLE!

THANKS, CAPTAIN BATTLE!

YOU SAVED ARMY MORALE!

at HILLTOP LABORATORY, IN HALE'S ROOM...

HOW DOES IT LOOK FOR A SOUVENIR, JANE?

ONE OF YOUR BEST, I'D SAY, HALE!

BUT YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET, BOYS AND GIRLS! FASTER AND FASTER, HALE'S SOUVENIR SHELF IS BECOMING FILLED, AS WITH THE INVINCIBLE **CAPTAIN BATTLE**, THE CRUSADE AGAINST THE FOES OF AMERICA CONTINUES!

DICKIE DEAN the boy inventor.

by FRED WATT AND DICK WOOD

EUROPEAN WAR-LORDS SHAKE IN THEIR SHOES AS **DICKIE DEAN** MODERN MINUTE-MAN THREATENS TO END THEIR MAD EXPLOITS WITH A COLOSSAL INVENTION THAT TURNS STEEL INTO **RUBBER!!**

SCENE IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

TELEGRAM? FROM DICKIE DEAN? GREAT!

TELEGRAM

DEAR MR PRESIDENT
HAVE A NEW INVENTION WHICH CAN CHANGE METAL INTO A RUBBERIZED STATE. WOULD LIKE TO DEMONSTRATE IT TO ARMY STAFF
-DICK E. DEAN

HOLY CATS!! THE PAPERS ARE GIVING ME CREDIT FOR AN INVENTION I HAVEN'T EVEN INVENTED!!

TELEGRAM FOR YOU, DICKIE! -FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT!!

EXTRA DICKIE DEAN DOES IT AGAIN.

WOW! NOW I'M IN FOR IT! THE ARMY ASKS ME TO DEMONSTRATE MY UNINVENTED INVENTION TOMORROW!

♫

YEAH?

DON'T ACT SO INNOCENT! YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS PHONEY "RUBBERIZED METAL" INVENTION! NOW I'M FORCED TO WORK ON IT!

AW-YOU CAN DO IT, DICKIE.. I KNOW YOU CAN!

SNAP!

OOO-O! WHAT A JOB!! I'M TRYING TO DO THE IMPOSSIBLE! I BETTER GO DOWN TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT AND EXPLAIN IT ALL!

-MEANWHILE- A SINISTER FIGURE IN AN OLD TENEMENT HOUSE EAGERLY READS THE NEWS OF DICKIE'S INVENTION- FOR HE IS NAZI SECRET AGENT 'K9'

HMMM! INTERESTING! I MUST REPORT THIS-- I'LL SEND A WIRELESS IN CODE TO THE LEADER!

DICKIE DEAN

THE NEWS SOON REACHES ENSLAVED EUROPE...

TELEGRAM

DEAR DER FÜHRER: A US INVENTOR HAS DEVICE WHICH CAN TURN METAL INTO RUBBER. I SUGGEST YOU UTILIZE IT FOR YOUR WAR.

— SPY K-9

EUROPE

ACH! VE COULD USE SUCH AN INVENSHUN FOR MEIN NEW ORDER! GIF OUT THE ORDER FOR OUR SPIES TO SWIPE IT-- -AND DON'T SPARE THE LEAD!

JA!

BACK IN DICKIE'S LABORATORY--

KNOCK! KNOCK!

HUH? WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT D'YA WANT?

ATOM

GREETINGS, FRIENDS! I'M "RAMBLING RUGGLES" THE DISGUISE DEMON! WHEN YOU'RE DISGUSTED WITH YOURSELF, CHANGE INTO SOMEONE ELSE!

HIT THE ROAD!

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

IT'S SIMPLE. I SELL DISGUISES, --FALSE TEETH, ARTIFICIAL HAIR, FALSE NOSES, ETC. NOW WATCH..!

HOLY GEE!! THAT'S AMAZING! HOW'S IT DONE?

ELEMENTARY! I SIMPLY USE FLESH PUTTY LIKE THEY DO ON THE STAGE!

AND NOW FOR MY MASTER-PIECE--WATCH!

WHY-- YOU LOOK LIKE PROF EINSTEIN!!

INDEED! AND NOW I SHALL DEMONSTRATE MY 4TH DIMENSION THEORY TO YOU..

HEY! CUT IT OUT! DON'T MESS UP THOSE CHEMICALS! THEY'RE DANGEROUS!

SO! - I'LL MIX ALL THIS JUNK TOGETHER AND— OOO-OW! MY HAND'S BURNING!

YIPPEE!! LOOKA THAT! THIS METAL TABLE IS REACTING TO THE CHEMICALS YOU SPILT! IT'S ALMOST AS FLEXIBLE AS ELASTIC!

OH

A MERE HANDFUL OF HOURS PASS DURING WHICH DICKIE PERFECTS THE ACCIDENTLY DISCOVERED FORMULA !!

LOOK! I'VE MANAGED TO GET THE CHEMICAL INTO A FORM OF A POWERFUL RAY! SEE?

BZZZZZ!

WOW! YOU'RE TURNING METAL INTO RUBBER!

DON'T BE SILLY! THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE! THIS RAY SIMPLY CAUSES A MOLECULAR BREAK-DOWN, THUS MAKING METAL WEAK AND FLABBY! C'MON--OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR OUR APPOINTMENT WITH THE ARMY STAFF!

LET'S TAKE THE "SKY BUGGY" SO WE'LL GET THERE FAST.

MIND IF I DRIVE TODAY? I'M FAMILIAR WITH THE CONTROLS BY NOW.

O.K., BUT BE CAREFUL! I'VE GEARED HER UP TO 9'80 R.P.M.

CRASH

ER-- THE SKY BUGGY IS --ER-- SLIGHTLY DAMAGED!

SO I SUSPECT! BOY--AT THE RATE AT WHICH YOU WRECK THESE THINGS I OUGHTA BUILD THEM ON AN ASSEMBLY-LINE SYSTEM!

HECK! NOW WE'LL BE LATE!

OH NO, WE WON'T! I SEE SOMETHING THAT CAN PINCH-HIT FOR THE SKY BUGGY!

ICE

HOPE THE ICEMAN DOESN'T MIND IF WE BORROW HIS HORSE!

TESTING GROUNDS

?

NEVER MIND THE INTERVIEW, CORPORAL! EVERYTHING'S SET TO GIVE THEIR IDEA THE ACID TEST!

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! JUST TRY TO STOP THOSE TEN-TON TANKS!

HEE HEE!

HUH?

WELL, AW' RIGHT IF YOU INSIST!

TZEEW!

WH..WHY THAT'S **AMAZING!** THOSE TANKS ARE THE NEAREST THING TO A BATTLESHIP! YET, NOW THEY'RE JUST HEAPS OF SOFT GOO!

ALL EXCEPT THE **MEN!** THE RAY DOES NOT HARM FLESH!

THE DEVICE HAS PERFORMED FEATS BEYOND OUR **WILDEST** EXPECTATIONS! WE MUST START MANUFACTURING IT **IMMEDIATELY!** LET'S GO TO AKMEE STEEL CORPORATION AND MAKE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THEM!

MEANWHILE NEARBY..

SEE THAT, K-9? WITH **SUCH** A WEAPON, THE FUEHRER COULD WIN THE WAR WITHIN A WEEK!

CERTAINLY! THAT'S WHY WE MUST BEAT THEM TO THE STEEL PLANT AND PREPARE A WELCOME FOR THEM!

THE SPIES' HIGH-GEARED CAR ARRIVES AT THE PLANT FIRST.

THERE'S THE PLANT RIGHT UP AHEAD!

R-RR-RW

HEY, TONY! HERE'S YOUR HORSE! WE FOUND HIM NEAR THE ARMY TEST GROUNDS!

MY HORSE! SOMEONE HE STEAL'A HER! IF I CATCH HEEM, I RIP HEEM TO **PIECES!**

HERE ARE THE BLUEPRINTS OF THE RAY-GUN!

GUARD THEM WITH YOUR LIFE!

NO NEED TO WORRY! I'LL KEEP THEM IN MY VAULT! ...AND NOW, LET'S TAKE A TRIP THROUGH THE PLANT!

SAFE

AND THOSE HUGE KETTLES UP THERE—EACH HOLDS 100 TONS OF MOLTEN STEEL!

AH! THE FAT ONE CARRIES THE GUN! GO DOWN AND TAKE IT FROM HIM WHILE I GIVE THE OTHERS A HOT BATH!

Y' SIR!

THERE IT GOES!

THE HUGE KETTLE UNDER WHICH DICKIE STANDS SLOWLY TILTS AND POURS OUT ITS UNBEARABLY HOT CONTENTS!

HOLY CATS! THAT POT'S SPILLING! I'VE GOTTA STOP IT! MAYBE THE GUN CAN!

TZEEW

THERE! THAT'S YOUR REWARD FOR SAVING YOUR **FRIENDS!**

WHACK

PHEW! THE RAY-GUN SAVED US! HEY, WHERE'S ZIP? OH...THEY MUST HAVE *KIDNAPPED* HIM!

THE RAY-GUN IS **ALSO** MISSING!

THE GUN TOO? *HMMM....* I WONDER WHAT THEY INTEND TO DO WITH IT?

DICKIE'S QUESTION IS ANSWERED A FEW HOURS LATER....

..FOR A HUGE BATTLESHIP IS SUNK!

BUFT

FOLLOWED BY THE DESTRUCTION OF.....

..AN AIRCRAFT FACTORY....

..A MUNITION PLANT

..A METAL SMELTING PLANT!!

..AND A HYDRO-ELECTRIC DYNAMO!!

GOSH! IF THEY CAN DO ALL THIS IN ONE DAY, WHAT'LL THEY DO IN A WHOLE MONTH?

I'D HATE TO GUESS!

THE NEXT DAY DESTRUCTION TAKES AN EVEN GREATER TOLL!

AUTO FACTORY DESTO

STATUE OF LIBERTY

SHIP YARD GOES

TEN MORE SMELTING PLANTS SMELTED

FOUR PLANE FACTORIES COMPLETELY DESTROYED

METAL STOCK HITS NEW

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

ANOTHER MUNITIONS FACTORY

AW, I'LL NEVER FIND THE SPIES THIS WAY! I'LL HAVE TO BUILD A NEW SKY BUGGY!

RAMBLING RUGGLES! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

I'VE BEEN SHADOWING YOU KIDS UNTIL ZIP WAS SNATCHED! I FOLLOWED THE SPIES AND FOUND THEIR HIDE-OUT!

I'M REALLY AN F.B.I. AGENT! THE GOVERNMENT ORDERED ME TO GUARD YOU WHILE YOU'RE WORKING ON DEFENSE WEAPONS! C'MON, LET'S ROUND UP SOME MORE COPS AN' RESCUE ZIP!

NOW, STAND BY...I'LL DISGUISE MY VOICE! AS SOON AS THEY LET ME IN, FOLLOW ME AND WE'LL MOP 'EM UP!

OPEN UP BOYS! THIS IS SPIKE!

KNOCK KNOCK

COME IN!

YOU BET WE WILL!

CRASH

HOLY CATS! THE SCRAPS OVER! ZIP BEAT US TO THE PUNCH!

JEEPERS! THEY WOULD ALL PASS OUT ON ME JUST WHEN I WAS REALLY GETTING WARMED UP!

WELL- THAT PUTS AN END TO THE REIGN OF TERROR! THE G-MEN WILL TAKE CARE OF THOSE GUYS!

LOOK, DICKIE! THERE'S A HIDDEN SHORT-WAVE ROOM THEY USED TO SEND REPORTS TO EUROPE!

HO HUM! I'M DOG TIRED! LET'S HIT THE HAY. WATCHA DOING?

I'M JUST SENDING OUT A MESSAGE TO ADOLF -- AND I'LL SIGN IT "SECRET AGENT K-9". THE OLD BOY MIGHT FALL FOR THE GAG!

TAP-TAP!! TAP

VELL? VOT ISS IT, YOU FOOL? CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY SIGNING DEATH DEATH WARRANTS?

IT'S A TELEGRAM FROM OUR U.S. SPY HEADQUARTERS! AND NOW I WILL PUNISH MYSELF FOR DARING TO INTERRUPT YOU, MEIN FÜHRER!

BANG

OH!

THE TELEGRAM-- IT **INSULTS** ME! FOR DOT I'LL HAVE SPY K-9 **BOILED IN OIL!**

NO! I'LL HAVE HIM **SHOT** INSTEAD! I'LL NEED DOT OIL FOR MY NEXT INVASION!

Next Day

ZZZZ^{2}Z

THERE GOES THE DOOR BELL. STAND BY, ZIP-- IT MAY TURN OUT TO BE ANOTHER SABOTEUR!

LOOKA HERE, KEED! YOU SOLVE MYSTERIES, NO? WELL, I GOTTA EVEN BIGGER ONE FOR YOU TO FIXA FOR ME!

GEE, TONY-- SOUNDS BAD. WHAT IS IT?

MY **HORSE!!** SHE'S A ALWAYS GET STOLEN TO-DAY! CATCH ME DEES A CROOK AND I RIP HIM TO PIECES!

TSK TSK! THE DIRTY RAT WOULD DESERVE IT!

DICKIE DEAN'S INVENTION CONTEST-

EVERY MONTH WE PUBLISH THE MOST CLEVER INVENTION SENT IN BY OUR READERS. THIS MONTH'S WINNER WAS MAILED IN BY: ANDREW HUDSON of SEATTLE, WASH.

HONORABLE MENTIONS!
A. GREEN
G. TUVIM
J. FRANK
B. COMDEN
A. HAMMER

ANDREW'S INVENTION IS A MODERNIZED CROSS BOW! IT'S FUN! BUILD IT!

WELL, FOLKS-- DON'T FORGET YOU HAVE ANOTHER DATE WITH US NEXT MONTH IN-

SILVER STREAK COMICS !!

PRIVATE PENNYFEATHER

LATE AGAIN, PENNYFEATHER! AND YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN RASSLING A BEAR!

YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE ARMY! BACK TO THE BARRACKS AND **SHAVE!**

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, PENNY? OLD SARGE GOT YOUR GOAT?

AW THAT OLD GRIZZLY BEAR! HE WOULDN'T BE SO TOUGH IF HE MADE ONLY TWENTY ONE BUCKS A MONTH AND HAD **MY** BEARD!

THASSO? LISTEN, SOLDIER, IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED HOW

GOSH, SARGE, ON TWENTY ONE BUCKS A MONTH I CAN'T BUY RAZOR BLADES

USE **MARLIN BLADES!** YOU GET **TWENTY** FOR A QUARTER! A

TO HANDLE YOUR DOUGH!

AND MOVIE TICKETS TOO!

IS THAT ALL THAT'S TROUBLING YOU?

PACK LASTS THREE MONTHS!

LATER.....

PENNY, YOU LOOK AS CLEAN SHAVEN AS A NEW BORN BABE!

THANKS, JUNE! LET'S TAKE IN A MOVIE!

I THOUGHT WE COULDN'T GO TO A MOVIE TONIGHT!

WE'LL SEE ALL THE PICTURES NOW, SWEET! I'VE FOUND A WAY!

NOW PLAYI

LOVE DUST

BIRO

Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES

OLD SARGE WASN'T KIDDING MEN! SHAVE AND SAVE WITH MARLIN BLADES!

THE BLADE WITH THE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

FREE TO SERVICE MEN

Paste this coupon on postcard and mail to The Marlin Firearms Company, 112 Willow St., New Haven, Conn., and get

4 FREE MARLIN BLADES

Check: ☐ double edge ☐ single edge

Name_____

Address_____

NED OF THE NAVY IN V-BOAT

THE RATTLESNAKES OF THE SEA! HOW APTLY THEY ARE NAMED! THESE UNDERSEA VULTURES WHO, FROM BENEATH THE OCEAN SURFACE, STALK THE SHIPS THAT ARE CARRYING AID TO NATIONS FIGHTING FOR EXISTENCE.....LIKE CROCODILES, THEY STRIKE SAVAGELY AND THEN WITHDRAW TO GLEEFULLY VIEW THE RESULTS OF THEIR FIENDISH ASSAULT.."EXTERMINATE THEM" UNCLE SAM HAS CRIED.."OUR SUPPLIES MUST GO THROUGH--THEY WILL GO THROUGH"!

OUR STORY BEGINS ON THE PARADE GROUNDS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY ON A FALL AFTERNOON..

AN ORDER RINGS OUT FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER AND CADET NED HALE STEPS FORWARD.....

THE DUTY I AM ABOUT TO PERFORM IS NOT ONE I USUALLY ENJOY, BUT IN VIEW OF YOUR CONDUCT, DISMISSING YOU FROM THE ACADEMY WILL NOT BE ENTIRELY UNPLEASANT, CADET HALE!

YOU HAVE BEEN COURT MARTIALED AND FOUND GUILTY OF ATTEMPTING TO SELL U.S. NAVY SECRETS TO A FOREIGN POWER!

YOUR CONDUCT IS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE FOR ONE WHO HAS STUDIED AND WORKED TO BECOME A NAVAL OFFICER!

BUT I TELL YOU I'M INNOCENT! THE CHARGES ARE LIES!

SILENCE! YOU ARE HEREBY DISHONORABLY DISCHARGED FROM THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY!

THE ROLL OF DRUMS RESOUNDS ACROSS THE CAMPUS AS CADET HALE IS STRIPPED OF HIS NAVY INSIGNIAS..

GLOBE TROTTER

MIDSHIPMAN ATTEMPTS SALE O NAVY SECRETS

CADET HALE

THAT NIGHT AT THE HOME OF HALE'S FIANCEE, NANCY WINSON...

BUT NANCY! I'M INNOCENT!

GET OUT! YOU...YOU TRAITOR!

LATER, AS NED IS ABOUT TO ENTER A CHEAP BOARDING HOUSE....

YES, I'M HALE! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WE WISH TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT THE SECRETS YOU HAVE! PERHAPS WE CAN FIND A CUSTOMER FOR YOU!

SO THAT'S IT EH?

WHAT TH...

GET HIM, HANS!

I'LL KILL THE SWINE!

COME AND TRY IT!

GOOD!

WHAT TH'..

THESE ARE THE ONLY THINGS I HAVE FOR YOU LICE...AND THEY'RE **FREE!**

BEGORRA! AND IT'S MURDER YOU'D BE COMMITTING!

THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT! THEY'RE SPIES!

BEFORE THE POLICE CAN SPEAK TWO MEN STEP FROM THE SHADOWS...

HE'S RIGHT, OFFICER! WE'RE F.B.I. MEN! LOCK 'EM UP...WE'LL PREFER CHARGES!

AND YOU, HALE, COME WITH US!

MINUTES LATER IN THE F.B.I NAVAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE...

THOSE SPIES RECEIVED EXACTLY THE IMPRESSION OF YOU. WE WANT THE WHOLE WORLD TO HAVE!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

WE ARRANGED YOUR DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM ANNAPOLIS BECAUSE YOU ARE MORE IMPORTANT TO YOUR COUNTRY! NO ONE MUST SUSPECT THIS!

OH...THAT EXPLAINS IT! NOW I SEE THE DAYLIGHT!

WE HAVE A VERY DANGEROUS MISSION! BECAUSE OF YOUR RESEARCH ON SUBMARINE WORK, YOU ARE EQUIPPED TO HANDLE IT!

I'M AT MY COUNTRY'S SERVICE, SIR!

GOOD! YOU WILL LEAVE ON THE CLIPPER TOMORROW FOR LISBON! YOUR FINAL DESTINATION IS BREMEN GERMANY!

YOUR ORDERS WILL BE SEALED! YOU WILL READ THEM ON THE CLIPPER!

BREMEN?

THE NEXT DAY ON MID-OCEAN, HALE READS HIS SECRET ORDERS...

HOLY SMOKES! WHY THIS IS INCREDIBLE!

OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO THE GREAT KEIL SUBMARINE WORKS NEAR BREMEN...

FASTER! YOU DOGS! FASTER!

BUT IT'S USELESS! THIS SUBMARINE IS A NEW DESIGN! IT'LL NEVER WORK! IT NEEDS THE AMERICAN EQUIPMENT!

AND IT'LL HAVE IT!

OUR AGENTS HAVE STOLEN THE PLANS! WE HAVE THE EQUIPMENT, AND AN AMERICAN TRAITOR IS ON HIS WAY TO GIVE US ASSEMBLING INSTRUCTIONS!

24 HOURS LATER, NED HALE ARRIVES IN KEIL.....

MR. HALE VAS REACHED THROUGH OUR AGENTS IN VASHINGTON!

GOOT! YOU VILL BEGIN AT ONCE!

HEIL HITLER!

FOR WEEKS HALE WORKS, ASSEMBLING THE AMERICAN DESIGNED EQUIPMENT UNDER THE CONSTANT EYES OF THE GESTAPO....

YOU HAFF DONE VELL! VE LAUNCH HER TOMORROW!

SHE'S A REMARKABLE SHIP!

THE NEXT DAY.... IN BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, A HUGE NAZI SPY TRIAL IS IN SESSION....

THEN YOU, MR. EBLING, ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR ROUNDING UP THESE SPIES!

YES SIR! THEY THOUGHT I WAS ONE OF THEM, BUT I WAS A COUNTER SPY FOR OUR GOVERNMENT!

IN BERLIN INTENSE INTEREST IS FOCUSED ON THE RADIO REPORTS OF THE TRIAL...

EBLING WAS THE ONE WHO ARRANGED FOR THAT AMERICAN TO ASSEMBLE THE SUBMARINE! HALE MUST BE A SPY!

WHAT? HALE IS OUT ON THE SUBMARINE! RADIO THEM TO ARREST HIM AT ONCE!

DIS IS DER FASTEST SUBMARINE AFLOAT! A REAL SHIP FOR OUR FUEHRER!

THE TEST IS GOOT! VE MUST TURN BACK NOW!

YA! VE ARE NEARLY IN DER BRITISH SHIPPING LANES!

CAPITAN! A MESSAGE!

HALE ISS A SPY! BRING HEEM ON DECK! I'LL SHOW HIM HOW VE TREAT ENEMIES OF DER STATE!

BUT THE CLICKING OF THE RADIO KEYS HAD SPELLED OUT A WARNING TO NED...

HE VILL BE SHOT!

I'VE AN IDEA! A LONG SHOT...BUT...

OH, HERE COMES THE RADIO OPERATOR!

WITH A TWIST AT HIS ARMS, HALE PULLS THE SAILOR FROM THE LADDER, AND...

COMPLIMENTS OF THE U.S. NAVY!

OOF

ATTRACTED BY THE COMMOTION, THE SUB'S CREW RACES FROM THE CONTROL ROOM...

WHAT ISS?

THEY ARE OVERCOME! AIR IS BAD! GET ON DECK, ALL OF YOU, QUICK!

YOU FOOLS!..THE AIR ISS NOT BAD! IT'S A TRICK! GET BELOW ALL OF YOU!

VE CAN'T! THE HATCH IS LOCKED!

IT'S BOLTED FROM THE INSIDE! HALE HAS TRAPPED US OUT HERE!

SUBMERGE HER EIGHT FEET, QUICK, OR I SHOOT!

DEPTH

IT'S DIVING!! WE'LL ALL DROWN!

YOU STUPID FOOLS! WHY DID YOU LET HIM TRICK YOU?

WITH ONLY A SMALL PART OF THE SUB'S SURFACE ABOVE WATER....IT IS A STRANGE SIGHT THAT MEETS THE EYES OF A BRITISH PATROL SHIP..A FEW HOURS LATER...

IT'S INCREDIBLE! THOSE MEN APPEAR TO BE WALKING ON THE WATER!

A BOAT IS PUT OVER THE SIDE AND THE GERMAN CREW IS RESCUED FROM THE ICY WATER....

WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

THEY SAY SOMETHING ABOUT A SUBMARINE! IT MUST HAVE GONE DOWN!

WHILE NOT FAR AWAY....

GOOD! THEY'RE RESCUED! SUBMERGE!

AFTER A DANGEROUS, SLEEPLESS JOURNEY, NED HALE AND HIS STRANGE CREW REACH THE WATERS OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE...WHERE A U.S. PATROL SHIP IS SIGHTED!

DEPTH BOMBS QUICK! A NAZI SUB!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

AFTER AN HOUR OF DROPPING DEPTH CHARGES....

WE MUST'VE GOT HER, SIR!

CALL FOR CEASE FIRING! SEND A RADIOGRAM TO EVERY PATROL TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT! JUST IN CASE WE DID MISS HER!

BOY! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE! IF THIS SUB WASN'T SO FAST, WE'D BEEN SUNK! I'VE GOT TO GET INTO AN AMERICAN PORT OR THESE MEN WILL GET ME....AND THE SUB....

NED'S TROUBLES ARE NOT OVER, AS THE NEXT ISSUE OF **SILVER STREAK** WILL REVEAL..

THE PIRATE PRINCE

by DICK BRIEFER

A SHIP OF THE KINGDOM OF SLOVIA IS PLOWING THROUGH THE SEAS

ABOVE, IN THE RIGGING-

AVAST! PIRATE SHIP TO LEEWARD!

THE TWO SHIPS DRAW CLOSER THE SLOVIAN SHIP FIRES FIRST AND THE PIRATE SHIP RESPONDS WITH A MIGHTY BARRAGE-

BOOM

THE NEWS OF THE SINKING FINALLY REACHES KING BOOHB OF SLOVIA.

-AND BESIDES, IT'S DEFINITE THAT THE **BLACK MASK** SANK THE BOAT!

WOE IS ME!

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE! I'M LOSING ALL MY SHIPS... I'M LOSING ALL MY TRADE... I'M LOSING ALL MY MONEY!

THE **BLACK MASK** MUST BE SENT TO THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN --- AND I KNOW THE ONE WHO CAN DO IT!

KING

SEND FOR THE **PIRATE PRINCE!**

LATER

YOU SENT FOR ME, KING BOOHB?

YES-- YOU MARAUDING PIRATE PRINCE. I HATE YOU, BUT THIS TIME I THINK YOU CAN BE OF HELP TO ME.

GOLD! A MILLION BUCKOS FOR YOU IF YOU SINK THE **BLACK MASK!**

THAT'S QUITE A TASK-- BUT THAT'S QUITE A SUM. I ACCEPT.

BRING BACK THE BLACK MASK'S HEAD AND THE GOLD IS YOURS!

Still later--

IT'S THE BLACK MASK WE'RE AFTER THIS TIME, LADS. UNFURL THE CANVAS!

THE BLACK MASK IS NO SISSY, BUT LET'S GO!

LADS--BE READY FOR ONE OF THE TOUGHEST TUSSLES OF OUR CAREER!

I'LL SAY, PRINCE.. THE BLACK MASK IS THE MOST RUTHLESS PIRATE ON SEA

one week later

SHIP AHOY! IT LOOKS LIKE THE BLACK MASK!

THE BLACK MASK'S SHIP!

FIRE AWAY!

BOOM

POW

BAM

SCAMPER ABOARD AND BATTLE -- BUT LEAVE THE BLACK MASK TO ME!

THE FORCES OF THE PIRATE PRINCE AND THE BLACK MASK COME FACE TO FACE!

WHILE PRINCE'S MEN BATTLE ON, PRINCE SEARCHES OUT THE BLACK MASK.

COME ON, MISTER BLACK MASK.. YOUR PIRATE DAYS ARE OVER!

CLANK

IS THAT SO?!

SW'SH

DESPERATELY THE TWO ENGAGE IN A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE...

YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD WITH THE STEEL-

THANKS- YOU'RE NOT SO BAD EITHER!

BUT I THINK I'M GOING TO WIN OUT HERE

SNAP

A SEVERE BLOW SHATTERS THE BLACK MASKS SWORD!

THIS WAY, BLACK MASK. YOU'RE COMING BACK WITH ME -- TO OLD KING BOOHB

THEY'RE ALL LICKED, PRINCE!

THE BLACK MASK IS PUT BEHIND BARS IN PRINCE'S SHIP.

HEY PAL, Y'WANT TO SEE A DIAMOND AS BIG AS MY FIST?

SURE, GUY.. WHERE IS IT?

I DON'T KNOW BUT HERE'S MY **FIST!**

GLPH!

WITH THE KEYS, THE MASK OPENS THE CELL..

AND **YOU**-- KEEP THIS A SECRET!

THE BLACK MASK DASHES TO THE DECK AND PLUNGES INTO THE WATER.

HO HO! WHAT LUCK!--WE'RE ONLY A MILE FROM SHORE!

WHEN PRINCE LEARNS HOW HE WAS TRICKED--

Y'KNOW, HE DESERVED TO ESCAPE IF HE FOOLED US LIKE THAT. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THE BLACK MASK I ADMIRED--

--AT KING BOOHB'S COURT--

SO YOU HAVE FAILED, EH? YOU LET HIM ESCAPE, EH? WELL--YOU DISPLEASE ME-- I AM MAD AT YOU---

HANG HIM IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE! I NEVER DID LIKE YOU, PIRATE PRINCE!

THERE, IN THE SQUARE, PRINCE IS ABOUT TO BE HANGED!

DIS HOITS ME MORE DAN IT HOITS YOU, PAL.

HOORA! ANOTHER HANGING!

IN THE CROWD, A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN LOOKS ON AGHAST. WHAT HAS SHE TO DO WITH OUR STORY?

HURRIEDLY, SHE SLIPS AWAY...

COME ON, HANG HIM!

GET IT OVER WITH!

HURRY UP!

SUDDENLY, A WAGON CRASHES THROUGH THE MOB, THE FIGURE OF THE BLACK MASK DRIVING.. IT STREAKS UP TO THE SCAFFOLD--

HURRY, PRINCE.. GET ABOARD THIS CART! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS!

BLACK MASK!

WELL! TO WHAT DO I OWE THIS SURPRISE?

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? YOU'RE FREE.

SUDDENLY THE HARNESS SNAPS AND THE CART HURTLES OFF THE ROAD!

THE MASK HAS TORN OFF, REVEALING---

OOHH-- WHAT A SMACK! HEY-- BLACK MASK -- YOU ALL THERE?

PRINCE LIFTS THE DEBRIS FROM THE BLACK MASK--

WELL, I'LL BE--

SAY! YOU **DO** HAVE SOME TALL EXPLAINING TO DO!

SO YOU'VE DISCOVERED MY SECRET! WELL, I RESCUED YOU FOR TWO REASONS--

ONE--WE'RE IN THE SAME BATTLE -- I'M NOT A PIRATE -- BUT A FIGHTER AGAINST **SLAVERY**! THAT'S WHY BOOHB WANTED ME OUT OF THE WAY...

SO THAT RAT WAS TRADING IN SLAVES!?

AND THE OTHER REASON -- WELL -- I BELIEVE I **LOVE** YOU -- BUT -- THAT CAN'T CONTINUE..

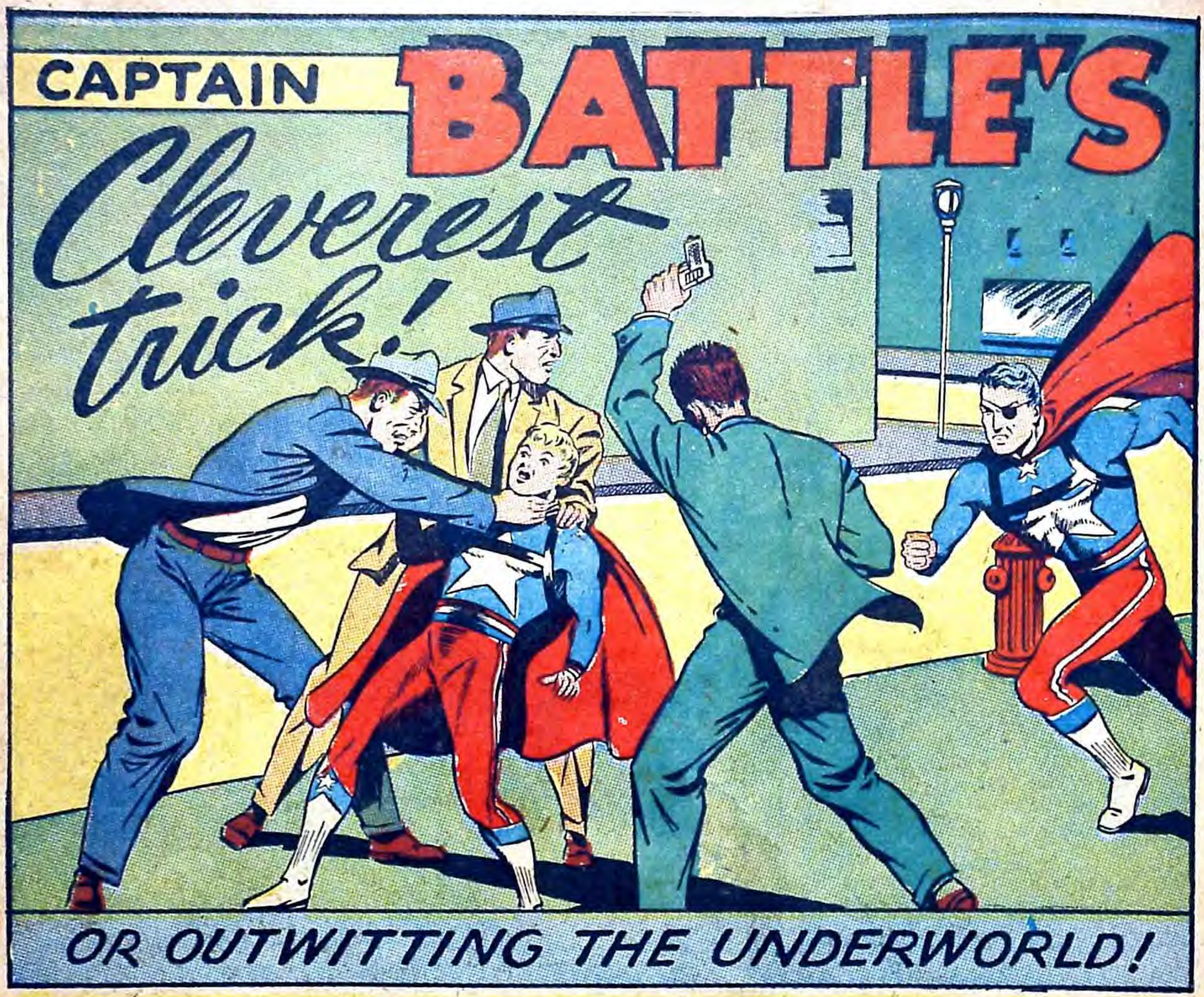
ONE MINUTE WITH YOU, AND I KNOW I LOVE YOU. BUT OUR LOVE WOULD STAND IN THE WAY OF OUR CRUSADE AGAINST SLAVERY... IT -- MUST NOT BE--

SO WE MUST PART -- WE CANNOT THINK OF OURSELVES IN THIS CASE.

PERHAPS -- AFTER OUR FIGHT IS WON -- WE MAY MEET AGAIN--

IT'S UP TO YOU, READERS!

DO YOU WANT TO SEE THE BEAUTIFUL AND MYSTERIOUS BLACK MASK AGAIN? WRITE IN TO THE PIRATE PRINCE, % THIS MAGAZINE. AND TELL HIM YOUR IDEA FOR ANOTHER MEETING. IN RETURN, HE'LL SEND YOU AN ORIGINAL, AUTOGRAPHED DRAWING OF HIMSELF, INSCRIBED ESPECIALLY TO **YOU**! **WRITE RIGHT NOW!**



by OTTO BINDER

The door slammed shut behind the blackmailers.

Henry Mitchell's wife now ran into her husband's arms. "We've got to pay, Henry," she sobbed. "It means your job!"

"No one can help me," Mitchell said bitterly. "That's the worst of it. If I go to the police, the secret would be out, and I'd lose my job anyway. There's not a soul on earth that can help me—"

He broke off, his eyes lighting up.

"Wait a minute!" he cried out. "What about Captain Battle? He's devoted his life to stamping out crime. Yes, that's it—CAPTAIN BATTLE will help me!" And jamming on his hat, Mitchell ran out of the house. He didn't stop running till he saw Hilltop Laboratory, perched like an eagle's nest high on a hill. There he'd find the greatest crime-buster of the age.

He rang the bell and the door opened almost instantly. A pretty young girl stood in the doorway.

"You're Jane Lorrain," Mitchell said, in recognition of the famous Captain Battle's secretary. "Is Captain Battle in? I'm in trouble!"

Without a word, the girl led him to the laboratory. The figures of a man and boy, dressed in laboratory smocks, were laboring over test tubes. Captain Battle and Hale turned their serious, kindly faces—the faces of two who had saved many a life and career. Mitchell felt already as though all his troubles were over, and spoke rapidly.

"I'm Henry Mitchell, manager of a big firm. It's an important job and I've worked hard for it. But now blackmailers are after me. You see, when I was young I—er—made a mistake. Went to prison for it. When I came out, I decided to go straight."

Mitchell drew a breath and went on.

"It wasn't easy at first. No one wanted to give an

ex-convict a job. But finally, I landed a position, without telling my employers of my past. They never found out, and in ten years I worked hard and achieved my present position.Now—"

Captain Battle interrupted.

"Now the blackmailers threaten to expose your past—unless you pay off—perhaps for the rest of your life?"

Mitchell nodded in misery. Then he straightened, looking into the level grey eyes of the crime-fighter.

"You'll help me, won't you, Captain Battle?" he said in relief. "You'll straighten it out somehow, so that my life won't be ruined!"

Captain Battle gave his answer.

"No!" he said.

Henry Mitchell gasped. It was as though a bomb had exploded. This was Captain Battle, wasn't it? This was the great man who had pledged his life to help the weak and needy? Who had never yet turned down anyone who needed help against the wolves of crime?

"I—I guess I heard wrong," Mitchell laughed weakly. "I thought you said no."

"I did," Captain Battle assured him. "I can't be bothered with these trivial things. It's your trouble. Figure it out for yourself." He turned to his secretary. "Jane, show the gentleman out, please."

Mitchell walked to the door in a dead silence. It closed behind him. The cold night wind whipped through him, and he shivered. He was still dazed, dumbfounded. His last hope gone! If Captain Battle had refused to help him, no one else in the universe could!

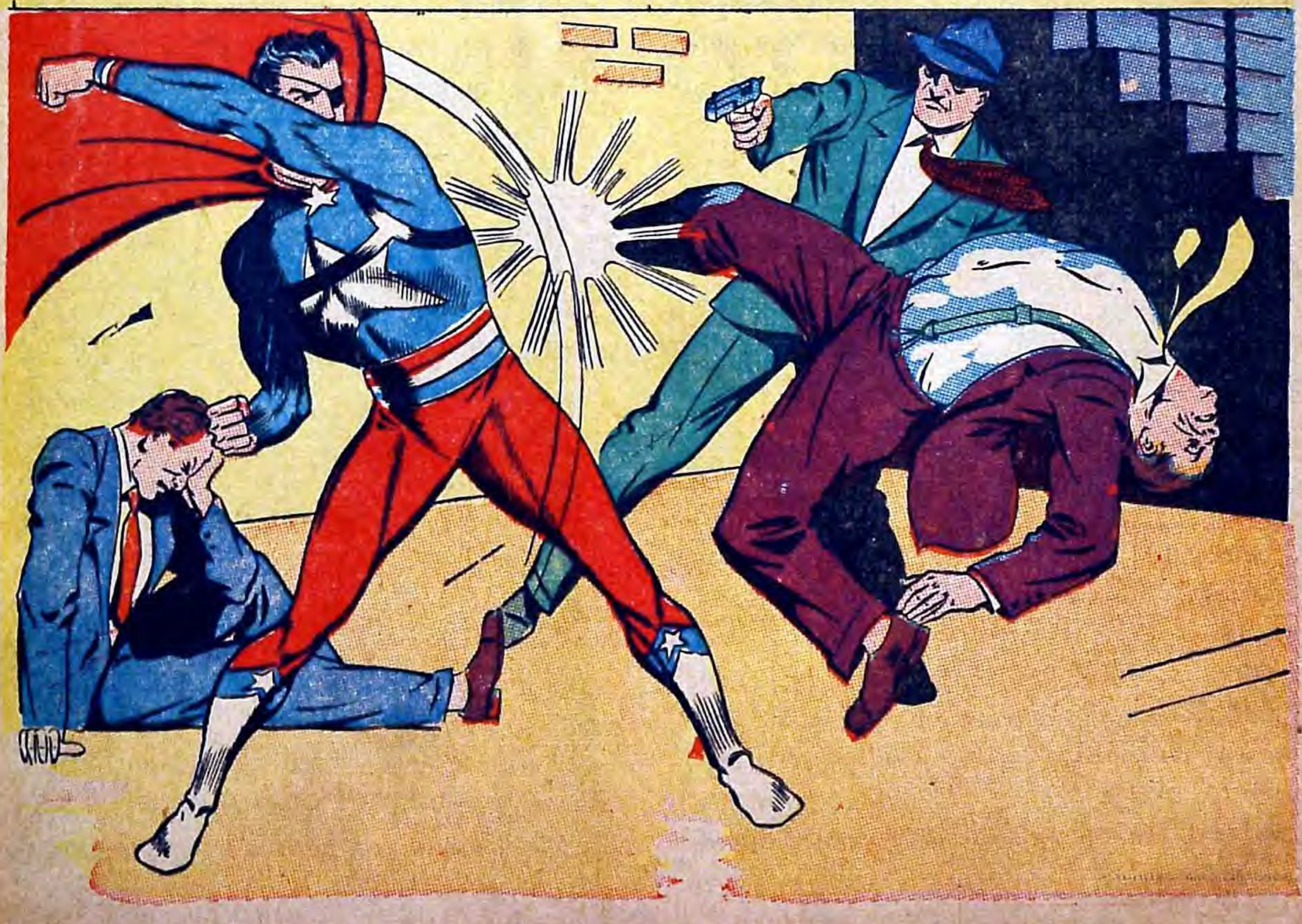
Suddenly, a rough hand grabbed his shoulder, before he had walked a hundred feet. The harsh face of a thug flared into his.

"Tryin' to get help from Captain Battle, eh?" growled the thug. "Good thing he turned ya down. Boss Ratto sent me to shadow you, and I listened at the window. C'mon, Boss Ratto wants to see ya!"

Mitchell felt the cold muzzle of a gun against his ribs, and silently allowed himself to be pulled away. Hilltop Laboratory faded behind him—his last hope! Two blocks away, Boss Ratto waited at a street corner with his other two men.

"Trying to pull a fast one, eh?" Ratto hissed. "Well, now that Captain Battle turned you down, what's the verdict? Do you pay or—"

Ratto paused and drew an envelope from his pocket. Stepping to a mailbox, he held the envelope



in position to drop it in.

"This letter is addressed to your firm," Ratto informed. "Telling them you were once in Sing Sing. Shall I drop it in—or will you listen to reason?"

"I—I—" gasped the wretched Mitchell.

"You pay or it goes in the mail!" threatened Boss Ratto.

"I'm the postman," said a new voice. "I'll take the letter!"

And a hand reached around from behind the mailbox, snatching the letter. They all turned, and there stood Hale Battle, in his crime-fighting uniform of red, white and blue!

"Hale Battle!" hissed Boss Ratto. "I see! You felt sorry for Mitchell, after Captain Battle turned him away, so you came here on your own. Well, brat, you asked for trouble—so give it to him, men!"

And with one accord, the three thugs jumped on the boy. Hale Battle was borne down by the attack, but managed to squirm free with swinging fists. For a while he held off the three thugs, returning blow for blow.

"Haven't got time to waste!" snarled Boss Ratto, aiming a cowardly kick for the back of Hale's head.

The kick never landed. A figure shot out of the shadows nearby. Its hand caught the Boss's foot and gave a quick jerk, whereupon Ratto turned a neat somersault and landed flat on the sidewalk on his stomach.

"Need any help, Hale?" Captain Battle boomed, wading now into the three thugs. SMACKO!—and one thug stretched out flat. SOCKO!—and the second thug gave a grunt and sagged to the sidewalk. Hale measured off the third himself, with a haymaker that cracked through the night air—CRACKO!

"As for you, Mr. Ratto," said Captain Battle, yanking the Boss up by the coat collar, "I've got a little blackmail on you—namely, THIS!"

Ratto stared at the powerful fist before his nose, and nodded in understanding. A moment later he slunk away with his staggering henchmen.

"They won't bother you again, Mr. Mitchell," Captain Battle promised.

"You—you've saved me from ruin!" Mitchell breathed in thankfulness. "But still I don't understand—at the laboratory, you refused to help me!"

Captain Battle smiled.

"That was because I knew one of Ratto's men was eavesdropping," he explained. "I wanted them to think I'd refused, and the coast was clear, so they'd play into my hands. I wanted to get the blackmail letter."

And he nodded at Hale, who tore the blackmail letter into little pieces and let them fly away with the breeze.

"I admire men who got a wrong start in life and then went straight," Captain Battle added. "Keep it up, Mitchell. Your secret is safe with us."

Mitchell felt a mountain fall off his shoulders, watching the torn paper drift away. When he turned back, he saw no one. He was alone.

"Thank Heaven I went straight," he shivered, heading for home. "I'd hate to be a crook today—and have to face Captain Battle!"

(THE END)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24 1912 AND MARCH 3, 1933

OF SILVER STREAK COMICS published monthly at New York, New York, for October 1, 1941

State of New York } ss
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Leverett S Gleason who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the SILVER STREAK COMICS and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3 1933, embodied in section 537 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1 That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Daniel S Gillmor, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Leverett S. Gleason, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Leverett S. Gleason, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N. Y.

2 That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) NEW FRIDAY PUBLICATIONS, INC., 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N Y.; D. S. Gillmor, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N Y.; L S. Gleason, 114 E 32nd St., New York, N Y.; A J. Bernhard, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N. Y., M S Latzen, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N Y

3 That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is . . . . . (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) Leverett S. Gleason,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1941.

(Seal) Sophia Janoff.

(My commission expires March 30, 1943.)

INTRODUCING A BRAND NEW COMIC STRIP CHARACTER!

TEX HAZARD

by DON RICO

HERE IT IS... A CHARACTER BASED UPON THE VERY EVENTS WHICH ARE SHAKING THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE WORLD WE LIVE IN! *SEE* FOR YOURSELF THE MOMENTOUS UPHEAVALS YOU READ ABOUT IN THE PAPERS OF *ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, RUSSIA, CHINA*... THE SEVEN SEAS---IN AN AVALANCHE OF *POWER* AND *DESTRUCTION!*

SEE THEM THROUGH THE EYES OF *TEX HAZARD*... DESCENDENT OF PIONEERS AND INDIAN-FIGHTERS! RECKLESS, BRAVE SYMBOL OF THE SPIRIT WHICH HAS BUILT *AMERICA!* TRAVEL WITH HIM AS HE EMBARKS UPON A SERIES OF ADVENTURES MORE THRILLING THAN ANY OTHERS YOU'VE READ ABOUT!

IN THE LOCKER ROOM OF THE TEST-PILOTS OF THE RITE AVIATION CORPORATION...

WHEW...THAT WAS A HONEY OF A CRATE I TESTED TODAY!

GOTTA DATE TONIGHT, TEX?

PARDNER...I'VE GOT OTHER THINGS ON MY MIND THAN *DAMES!*

TELEGRAM FOR *MR. HAZARD!*

YIP-PEE!! IT'S HERE!

F' GOODNESS SAKE!

TEX! TAKE IT *EASY!*

LOOK! MY APPLICATION TO FERRY BOMBERS TO ENGLAND HAS BEEN ACCEPTED! I'M TO LEAVE *AT ONCE!*

YOU LUCKY STIFF!

CONGRATULATIONS, TEX! THEY COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER MAN!

THANKS, NED!

HELLO, CHIEF--THIS IS X-13 REPORTING! *HAZARD HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO FERRY DUTY!*

BUT AS SOON AS TEX LEAVES, NED RUSHES TO A PHONE...

MMM... IS SO? CAN HE BE BOUGHT? MOST POOR FLIERS CAN BE, AS YOU KNOW!

AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE...

NONE OF YOUR CRACKS, ERIC--- YOU CAN TRY GREASING HIS PALM A BIT!

AND SO, AS TEX BOARDS THE TRAIN FOR CANADA...HE IS FOLLOWED!

THERE IS MY MAN! HE WILL NEVER GET TO LONDON --- IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT!

IF HE'S FLYING FOR THE BRITISH JUST FOR THE MONEY, HE'LL BE A CINCH TO BRIBE! IF NOT--I'LL FIX HIM IN ANOTHER WAY!

TEX LEAVES FOR THE OBSERVATION CAR, AND THE STRANGER FOLLOWS...

MR. TEX HAZARD?

YEP! HOW DO YOU KNOW ME?

20TH CENTUR

I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE *POINT!* AS ONE MAN OF THE WORLD TO ANOTHER-- WE ALL HAVE OUR *PRICE*, EH? PATRIOTISM IS A NICE RACKET WHEN IT PAYS-- BUT SOMETIMES IT'S MORE PROFITABLE TO BE ON THE *OTHER* SIDE!

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, BUD... *GO ON!*

I AM PREPARED TO GIVE YOU $10,000 TO... ER... HAVE A SLIGHT ACCIDENT WITH THE PLANE YOU ARE TO PILOT!

I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT, TOO---

GET IT?

WAK!

20TH CENTURY LIMITED

COME BACK HERE, CHUM--I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU YET!

BE REASONABLE!

IN DESPERATE FEAR, THE SPY CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE CAR WITH TEX CLOSE BEHIND----

YOU COME ANY CLOSER AND I'LL *SHOOT!*

SHOOT AWAY!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT FATE TAKES A HAND... THE TRAIN LURCHES, AND THE SPY IS TOSSED OFF BALANCE...

OH!

BOP!

IT'S *CURTAINS* FOR YOU, GEEP!

ANOTHER SHARP PUNCH AND THE SPY FALLS TO HIS DOOM!

WAK!

WELL...THAT'S THE END OF THAT *RAT!* BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING IT'S NOT THE END OF HIS GANG!

GOOD LUCK, HAZARD...AND *WATCH YOUR STEP!*

DON'T WORRY, SIR...*I'LL MAKE IT!*

A WEEK LATER, TEX IS *READY TO FLY TO ENGAND...*

FOR THE LUVVA MIKE! HOW ARE YOU, YOU OL' *COYOTE?*

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! IT'S ME... *NED!*

HERE'S SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY, PAL! DON'T OPEN IT UNTIL YOU GET TO ENGLAND!

THANKS, OLD BOY! THAT'S *SWELL* OF YOU!

BUT AS TEX SHAKES HANDS, HIS EARS CATCH A FAINT SOUND...

TICK! TOCK! TICK! TOCK!

WHAT'S IN THIS--AN ALARM CLOCK?...OR MAYBE A *BOMB* EH, *PAL?*

QUIT YOUR KIDDING!

OKAY...I'M KIDDIN'! CATCH THIS, THEN!

NO! NO!

BOOM!

NED DUCKS OUT OF THE WAY, AND...

SO YOU'RE ONE OF THE SPY-GANG, EH?

TEX! WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO?

GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!

BOP!

OH!

TURN THIS RAT OVER TO THE F.B.I.---HE'S A NAZI AGENT!

RIGHTO! BOY...THAT WAS A NICE POLISHING JOB YOU DID!

A LITTLE LATER...TEX'S BOMBER ROARS OFF TOWARD THE WAR AREA...

WELL...THERE SHE GOES! I HOPE SHE GETS THERE ALL RIGHT!

TEX HAZARD CAN DO IT--IF ANYONE CAN!

BUT THE GRIM GESTAPO IS NOT IDLE!

SO! THIS HAZARD PERSON HAS ELUDED TWO OF MY MEN! VERY WELL! NOW I WILL TAKE PERSONAL CHARGE OF OUR FRIEND!

BY PLANE, ERIC BLORB FLIES SWIFTLY TO A SECRET ISLAND IN THE ATLANTIC!

HIDDEN ON THIS FORGOTTEN BIT OF GROUND IS A DREADED SECRET WEAPON OF THE NAZIS...A LONG RANGE SHARP-SHOOTER ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN!

I WISH TO LIQUIDATE THIS AIR-MAN MYSELF!

SOON THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT VIEWS A TINY SPECK IN THE SKY--TEX HAZARD'S BOMBER!

THERE HE IS!!

A TINY PRESSURE OF THE FINGER--AND--POUFF!

THERE'S THE WRECK... BUT I DON'T SEE *HIM!* HE MUST HAVE GONE UNDER!

I'M NOT *DEAD*, TUBBY---*FEEL!*

POW!

A DIRECT HIT... AND THE PLANE GOES DOWN!

OVER THE SIDE GOES ERIC BLORB, AND ONLY A BUBBLE REMAINS AS HIS MONUMENT!

CHORTLING WITH GLEE, ERIC BLORB GOES OUT TO MAKE SURE TEX IS DEAD!

ONE CAN'T BE TOO *SURE* ABOUT THESE THINGS!

LOOKING FOR *ME?*

HUH? *THE DEAD WALK!*

NOW TO GET BACK TO THAT ISLAND AND FIND OUT WHAT'S COOKIN'!

SUCCESS, MY CHIEF? EH?...YOU'RE NOT ERIC!

HOW TRUE, MY FRIEND!

THE TRUTH ALWAYS HURTS, DOESN'T IT?

BOOP!

NICE LITTLE PLACE THEY'VE GOT HERE! AND LOOK... THE SECRET GUN THEY NAILED ME WITH!

AN' HERE'S A NEAT LITTLE WIRELESS OUTFIT-- JUST MADE FOR ME TO NOTIFY THE BRITISH TO COME AND TAKE THE GUN!

TEX LOST HIS PLANE...? BUT HE GOT A FAR GREATER PRIZE... THE SECRET ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN!

BOMBS BURST...AND MEN AND WOMEN BETRAY THE TRUST OF THE ALLIES IN THE NEXT

TEX HAZARD *Adventure...*

"The SPIDER AND THE SPY!"

SILVER STREAK

AND

METEOR
THE BOY SPEED KING

by DON RICO

FACTORIES WORK NIGHT AND DAY! ENGINEERS PLAN COUNTLESS DESIGNS FOR NEW ARMAMENTS FOR DEFENSE! THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS ARMING ITSELF AGAINST THE THREAT OF INVASION BY THE

MONSTER of BERLIN!

BUT AMONG THE MEN WHO WORK ARE THE SCOURGE OF CIVILIZATION...THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS...THE SECRET ARMY OF NAZISM SEEKING TO DESTROY THE DEFENSE PROGRAM!

SUPER-SPEED ROCKET PLANE

SECRET PLANS U.S. ARMY

WASHINGTON, D.C.--IN THE MEETING-ROOM OF A SUB-COMMITTEE ON DEFENSE...

SO YOU SEE...WE NEED A PLANE...FASTER...SPEEDIER... THAN ANYTHING NOW FLYING! A SUPER-SPEED ROCKET!

YES... AND THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN WHO COULD DESIGN SUCH A SHIP--THE ONE MAN WHO KNOWS MORE ABOUT SPEED THAN ANY OTHER HUMAN-- SILVER STREAK!

BUT NO ONE KNOWS WHO HE REALLY IS! ALL HE DOES IS GET INVOLVED IN A LOT OF GOOD DEEDS-- AND DISAPPEARS!

WE'LL BROADCAST AN APPEAL TO HIM...HE'S BOUND TO HEAR IT!

AND SO THE NEXT DAY THE NATION'S RADIOS CARRY A MESSAGE...

SILVER STREAK! YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU!

--YOU ARE ASKED TO HELP IN THE DEFENSE PROGRAM! YOUR IDENTITY WILL NOT BE REVEALED IF YOU WISH TO KEEP IT A SECRET! COMMUNICATE AT ONCE WITH SENATOR CLINTON IN WASHINGTON!

SILVER! DID YOU HEAR THAT?

YES, METEOR! WASHINGTON IS OUR NEXT STEP!

IN SILVER STREAK'S HOME...

IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO CONCEAL OUR FACES...AND SO WE'LL WEAR MASKS FROM NOW ON! WONDER WHAT THEY WANT ME FOR?

WHATEVER IT IS...IT OUGHT TO BE GOOD!

NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR UNCLE SAM!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE MASK, KID?

BOY! I THINK IT'S SWELL! IT'S LIKE GOING TO A MASKED BALL!

MAKE WAY, CLOUDS! *HERE WE COME!*

LOOK AT ALL THE PEOPLE BELOW STARING AT US!

THERE THEY GO! THEY'RE ANSWERING THE GOVERNMENT'S CALL!

WE'VE GOT TO PUT A *STOP* TO IT!

OUR AGENTS IN THE CAPITOL TELL ME THEY WANT THIS *STREAK* TO WORK ON A NEW PLANE!

AH--SO! WE COULD USE SUCH A PLANE, EH, GENTLEMEN?

YEAH!

VERY WELL, THEN! OUR PLAN WILL BE THIS--- WE SHALL ALLOW *SILVER STREAK* TO WORK ON THE NEW PLANE! THEN... AT THE RIGHT MOMENT, WE WILL POUNCE AND TAKE THE WORKING PLANS FOR *OUR OWN COUNTRY!* IT WILL BE A NOBLE THING TO DO FOR THE FEUHRER!

GEE! WASHINGTON IS A BEAUTIFUL PLACE!

TELL SENATOR CLINTON WE'D LIKE TO SEE HIM! WE'RE...

I KNOW... I *KNOW!* YOU ARE *SILVER STREAK METEOR!*

AT THE CAPITOL...

MR. METEOR GOES TO WASHINGTON!

SENATOR CLINTON?

YES! IT'S A THRILL TO MEET YOU, *SILVER STREAK!*

I'LL GET RIGHT TO THE POINT! YOU'RE THE WORLD'S FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON *SPEED!* WE NEED YOU TO HELP US DESIGN THE FASTEST *ROCKET-PLANE IN THE WORLD!* WITH IT OUR DEFENSE WOULD BE *PERFECT!* THINK YOU CAN DO IT?

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON PLANS FOR JUST SUCH A SHIP, SENATOR! I COULD HAVE THEM FINISHED IN A COUPLE OF DAYS! *I WON'T FAIL YOU!*

ME NEITHER!

THIS WILL BE YOUR OFFICE-- DO YOU LIKE IT?

YOU BET!

MM...NICELY *FURNISHED*, TOO!

THIS IS YOUR SECRETARY, MISS BRANDT...SHE'S QUITE COMPETENT!

HOW DO YOU DO!

IT WILL BE A GREAT HONOR TO WORK WITH SUCH A FAMOUS PERSON!

THANK YOU! SHALL WE GET TO WORK?

SHE'S A BIT OF A CLASSY NUMBER, EH, PAL?

BE YOUR AGE, SON! I'M VERY BUSY!

LATER...

ON INTO THE NIGHT, SILVER STREAK WORKS ON HIS SECRET PLANS!

I'M THROUGH FOR THE DAY! NOW TO LOCK THESE PLANS IN THE SAFE...

BUT SILVER STREAK HAS AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR!

REACH, BUDDY! ONE FUNNY MOVE AN' YER NAME IS *MUD!*

SO YOU'RE THE GREAT *SILVER STREAK!* YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT TO ME!

PRETTY BRAVE BEHIND A GUN, EH?

I AIN'T GOT TIME TO CHIT-CHAT WITH YOU, BUD! GET THE PLANS OUT OF THE SAFE!

YOU'LL GET THOSE PLANS OVER MY DEAD BODY!

JUST AS YOU SAY, FANCY PANTS!

OH!OH! IT'S THE CHILDREN'S HOUR!

SWIFT AS A BULLET FROM A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE, METEOR STREAKS TOWARD THE THUG!

UF!

EXCUSE MY BUTTING IN LIKE THIS!

NICE WORK, METEOR! HE HAD ME WORRIED FOR A MINUTE!

IT'S NOT FAIR! THERE ARE TWO OF YOU!

LEMME AT HIM...I'LL TAKE HIM ALONE!

HERE I COME... READY OR NOT!

WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, YOU SHRIMP!

HOW DO YOU LIKE PLAYING LEAP-FROG!

HEY!

AM I KEEPING YOU UP? I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT!

SOK!

C'MON, YOU-- TALK! WHO SENT YOU HERE?

HE MAKES AN UGLY DECORATION, EH?

GRUESOME, I'D SAY!

I'M AFRAID I DID TOO GOOD A JOB, SILVER...HE'S OUT COLD!

LATER, AFTER THE THUG HAS BEEN TAKEN TO THE PRISON HOSPITAL...SILVER STREAK AND METEOR GO TO SLEEP...

SO SAMUSH BUNGLED THE JOB...I'LL HAVE TO DO IT MYSELF!

DEFTLY THE HOODED FIGURE STEALS INTO THE ROOM AND SEARCHES SILVER STREAK'S POCKETS!

HERE IT IS...THE COMBINATION TO THE SAFE!

THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE ACE OF SPEE MEN RETURNS TO HIS OFFICE...

OH, SIR-- SOMETHING *TERRIBLE* HAS HAPPENED!

EH? WHAT'S UP?

DURING THE NIGHT THE SAFE WAS ROBBED! THE SPEED-PLANE PLANS WERE TAKEN!

DON'T WORRY, MISS BRANDT! THEY WERE *FAKES*! I HAVE THE *REAL* PLANS HIDDEN!

OH! I'M SO GLAD!

THAT *EVENING*, AS MISS BRANDT LEAVES FOR THE DAY, A SWIFT FIGURE DOGS HER FOOTSTEPS...

SHE GOES UP THE STEPS OF A SHABBY BUILDING...

SWIFTLY SILVER STREAK MAKES HIS WAY UP THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE!

I'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT THAT BABE IS UP TO!

THERE'S MY SWEET-HEART!

WHAT? DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THE PLANS WE TOOK LAST NIGHT WERE *PHONEY*? WHY... *YOU BLUNDERING BOOB!*

HOW WAS I TO KNOW?

YAH! YOU'RE TOO DUMB TO KNOW ANYTHING!

OH!

SLAP!

WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S ONE OF THE THINGS YOU ARE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH!

SILVER STREAK!

OOP!

BOP!

THAT'S A NICE DANCE STEP, JEEP!

NOW, MISS BRANDT... I'LL TROUBLE YOU FOR THE *PLANS!*

Y-Y- YES, S-S-SIR!

NICE CLEAN-UP JOB! ALMOST AS GOOD AS *MINE!*

METEOR! WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?

OH... I JUST TAGGED ALONG TO MAKE SURE YOU WOULDN'T GET YOURSELF INTO SOME JAM YOU COULDN'T GET OUT OF ALONE!

C'MON--YOU AND YOUR BOY FRIEND ARE GOING TO SPEND A COUPLE OF YEARS IN THE HOOSE-GOW!

DON'T PUSH! YOU'RE NO *GENTLEMAN!*

AND YOU'RE NO *LADY!*

HEIL HITLER! SILVER STREAK HAS FOILED US ONCE MORE!

VOT? AGAIN?

LATER... IN BERLIN--

OOOH! THAT MAN! HE WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME YET! NOTHING I CAN DO CAN TRAP HIM! SOMETIMES I THINK---*WHAT'S THE USE OF IT ALL?*

BOO... HOO! BOO... HOO... HOO...

THERE... THERE... NOW--

IN THE MEANTIME, CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW SPEED-PLANE IS GOING AHEAD RAPIDLY...

GRIGHT AERO CORPORATION

SENATOR--*THE ROCKET-PLANE* IS READY FOR ITS TEST FLIGHT!

BOY, YOU SURE WORK *FAST!*

THERE IT IS, SIR!

A BEAUTIFUL LOOKING JOB---BUT ARE YOU SURE IT'S THE FASTEST IN THE WORLD?

METEOR IS GOING TO FLY HER--I'LL RACE HER...THEN YOU'LL SEE WHICH IS THE *FASTEST!*

C'MON, BABY! LET 'ER RIP!!

THE STRANGE RACE BEGINS...MAN AGAINST MACHINE!

UP SOARS THE ROCKET-PLANE LIKE A SHINING SILVER ARROW...AND SOON THE FASTEST MAN IN THE WORLD IS LEFT BEHIND!

YIPPEE!! SHE'S BEATEN *SILVER STREAK!* SHE IS THE FASTEST PLANE IN THE WORLD!

THIS IS ONE RACE I'M HAPPY TO LOSE!

LATER..

CONGRATULATIONS TO BOTH OF YOU! WITH THAT PLANE WE'LL GIVE ANY INVADER A RUN FOR HIS MONEY!

YOU BET!

AND SO...

SILVER STREAK *and* METEOR ARE NOW WORKING FOR *UNCLE SAM'S* DEFENSE PROGRAM!

DON'T MISS

NEXT MONTH'S THRILLING ADVENTURE!

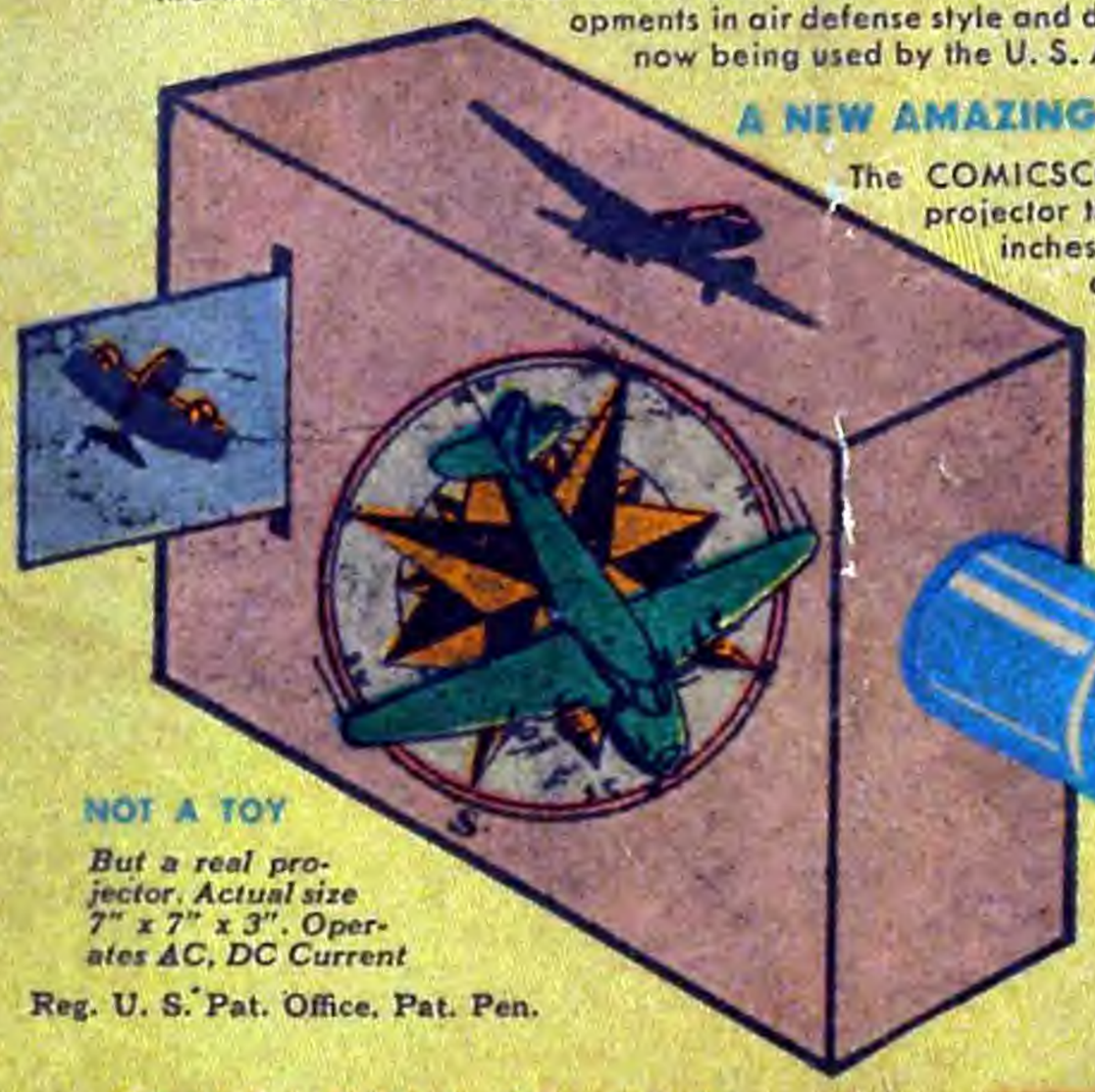
Absolutely FREE!

Special to the readers of **SILVER STREAK**

WINGS OF AMERICA

Official U. S. Army Air Corps and U. S. Navy Planes (Courtesy Associated Features Syndicate)

Now for the first time ever, ABSOLUTELY FREE, we will ship to you a complete series of "WINGS OF AMERICA", twenty of America's latest and most recent developed planes printed in color. These magnificent and educational pictures can be used in the COMICSCOPE and can be projected in almost life size and color on any wall or flat surface. See the latest developments in air defense style and design of planes now being used by the U. S. Army and Navy!



NOT A TOY

But a real projector. Actual size 7" x 7" x 3". Operates AC, DC Current

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. Pat. Pen.

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The COMICSCOPE is a camera projector that measures seven inches long, seven inches deep and three inches wide. By attaching it to any electrical outlet, either AC or DC current, it is ready for use. Any one can operate it easily. All pictures, comic strips, comic magazines, daily and Sunday newspapers can be used for "film" in the Comicscope, and can be flashed in their exact color on any wall or flat surface. You can draw your own pictures and project them. Now you can take your own "Hollywood" screen tests by projecting your own or your family snapshots. There is nothing else to buy. No coupons to save. Astonish your friends and win new popularity. Give picture shows, charge admission, make money.

Dragon Fly YO-51
Hell Diver SBC4
Grumman F3F-1
Martius Miracle
Stearman XA21
Flying Fortress
Douglas B-18A
Dive Bomber
Curtiss P-40
Interceptor
Hawk 75A
Airmaster
Falcon 22
Skyrocket
Magister
Explorer
Spitfire
Pursuit
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By simply cutting out the coupon or making a facsimile of it, mail it together with twenty-five cents in coin, plus a three-cent stamp for handling and shipping, and you will receive absolutely free twenty pictures "WINGS OF AMERICA" together with the Giant Camera COMICSCOPE projector. Everything else included—COMICSCOPE—tube and lens. Act immediately, send the coupon and you will get your pictures and COMICSCOPE quickly!

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Please rush me at once the twenty pictures of the Official U. S. Army and Navy Planes "Wings of America" absolutely free, and one COMICSCOPE camera projector, for which I enclose twenty-five cents in coin, plus a three-cent stamp for handling and shipping.

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Offer Good in U. S. A. only. In Canada 5 cents extra.

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Your CHRISTMAS Daisy READY

LOOK 'EM OVER NOW!

DAISY SINGLE SHOT
—holds only 1 shot at a time. Lever action. $1.50

NICKELLED 500-SHOT REPEATER
—All metal parts nickel-plated. A repeater. $1.95

LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE—Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader invention. Adjustable Double Notch Rear Sight.

BUCK JONES SPECIAL—60-shot pump repeater in Outdoor Style. Full-floating type Compass inlaid in stock beside accurate Sundial brand $2.50

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Shoot a GOLDEN BANDED 1000 SHOT RED RYDER Saddle CARBINE

Licensed by Stephen Slesinger, Inc., N. Y

Tell Dad to hang one of these beautiful Daisys on *your* Christmas Tree! Why not make it a western saddle carbine? RED RYDER CARBINE features Golden Bands, adjustable double-notch Rear Sight, Lightning-Loader invention for loading 1000 shot in 20 seconds, Carbine style Cocking Lever, full-length Fore-piece, 16 inch Leather Thong knotted to authentic Swivel Carbine Ring—and Red Ryder's brand on pistol grip stock. Comes packed in colored carton. Choose your favorite Daisy—buy it *now* at any hardware, sports goods or department store.

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$4.50

WITH 16 INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG

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Red Ryder says—"I've seen *everything* in the Daisy Corral—it's all pictured in this new 16-page Daisy Air Rifle Catalog. Send for yours quick, fellers, and show it to Dad. Write Daisy today for your Free copy."

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The gun that's fun for the whole family! Targeteer Pistol, 500 shot, spinning "birdie" targets, 25 target cards, back-stop, complete $2

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT

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Use Daisy-made steel Bulls Eye Shot for accurate shooting in Daisy, King Air Rifles. At Dealers.

DAISY AIR RIFLES

Duty Added in Canada

PRIVATE PENNYFEATHER

LATE AGAIN, PENNYFEATHER! AND YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN RASSLING A BEAR!

YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE ARMY! BACK TO THE BARRACKS AND **SHAVE!**

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, PENNY? OLD SARGE GOT YOUR GOAT?

AW THAT OLD GRIZZLY BEAR! HE WOULDN'T BE SO TOUGH IF HE MADE ONLY TWENTY ONE BUCKS A MONTH AND HAD **MY** BEARD!

THASSO? LISTEN, SOLDIER, IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED HOW TO HANDLE ~~YOUR~~ DOUGH!

GOSH, SARGE, ON TWENTY ONE BUCKS A MONTH I CAN'T BUY RAZOR BLADES AND MOVIE TICKETS TOO!

IS THAT ALL THAT'S TROUBLING YOU?

USE **MARLIN BLADES!** YOU GET **TWENTY** FOR A QUARTER! A PACK LASTS **THREE MONTHS!**

LATER.....

PENNY, YOU LOOK AS CLEAN SHAVEN AS A NEW BORN BABE!

THANKS, JUNE! LET'S TAKE IN A MOVIE!

I THOUGHT WE COULDN'T GO TO A MOVIE TONIGHT!

WE'LL SEE **ALL** THE PICTURES NOW, SWEET! I'VE FOUND A WAY!

NOW PLAYI

LOVE DUST

BIRO

Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES

OLD SARGE WASN'T KIDDING MEN! SHAVE AND SAVE WITH **MARLIN BLADES!**

THE BLADE WITH THE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

FREE TO SERVICE MEN

Paste this coupon on postcard and mail to The Marlin Firearms Company, 112 Willow St., New Haven, Conn., and get

4 FREE MARLIN BLADES

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